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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

On the Bowery Again

By ARTHUR RUHL

Oxyfakery

By SAMUEL
HOPKINS
ADAMS

Men and a Gale o' Wind

By JANE MANN



Chas. A. MacLellan

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS

(Used in practically all American Motor Cars)

The spiral construction is one of several exclusive features of Hyatt Roller Bearings. This makes them—(1st) Flexible, thereby reducing noise and vibration, and insuring perfect alignment—(2nd) Self-oiling, because the right and left spirals constantly circulate the lubricant—and (3rd) Self-cleaning, all grit and dirt pass through the spiral slots into the center of the roller, hence do not grind the bearing surface. These and other advantages graphically shown by the diagram below explain why more Hyatt Quiet Bearings are used in automobiles today than all other bearings.

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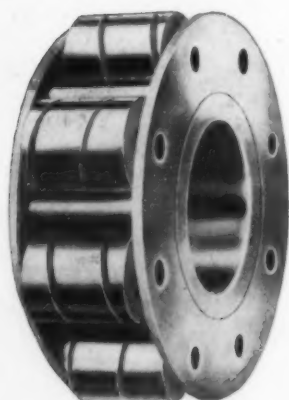
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Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings

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FLEXIBILITY—These spiral rollers cushion the road shock, and give under strain just enough to relieve the gears and shafts of excessive duty and are yet rigid enough to carry the load. They cannot possibly crush nor roll out, due to the use of heat treated alloy steel.

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LUBRICATION—The hollow roller retains a large quantity of the lubricant in its center and the spirals alternating left and right constantly distribute the lubricant over the entire bearing surface.

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Men and a Gale o' Wind

By Jane Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY

PERCY E. COWEN and ARTHUR E. BECHER

IT'S in a gale o' wind that you need men. If 'twas always good weather, all the old women, them in pants and them in petticoats, would go to sea—and take their knittin' work.—Sayings of Cap'n Ropes.

PROVINCETOWN keeps its reckoning by wrecks, but there was one a long time ago that never figured in our calculations as to the date of town happenings. Not one of the old captains recalls that Captain Cook went whaling, or that Jim Teal spent the summer on the banks, or that the first Portuguese got command of a vessel—the year the *Mary Bell* came ashore. The *Mary Bell* is left out of our annals. If you came summering among us, and somehow knew that there had been a *Mary Bell*, and that she had come ashore on the back side, and began to ask questions about her of our old captains, or sought information as to the wreck when you walked over to one of our four life-saving stations, you would not find out anything unusual nor interesting; not even that you were being diverted from your quest—simple seafaring folk can put it all over any summer visitors I ever saw. Though we don't fool ours often; we like them too well, having got a habit of seeing different kinds of people when we used to knock around the waters of the world.

ONLY we have feelings about the *Mary Bell*, and we don't care to talk about her, but I am going to tell about her, because, having been away from home a good deal and having got to see things from the outside, I think the way the *Mary Bell's* history hurts us more than squares up the shame she puts on us. Then I want to tell about her, too, perhaps mainly because I like to talk about our life-savers and our storms and our wrecks. I like the salt taste after having been away a long time, and have heard enough and to spare about making money.

When the schooner *Mary Bell* sailed from Portland, Me., for Philadelphia with a cargo of lumber and old iron she carried the most elated master and (by the time she had reached good deep water) the most disgruntled mate who had ever walked her deck. This was Otto Swanson's first trip as captain and it was the mate's first trip as nurse.

Otto Swanson—eight years before, immigrant, walking the streets of Boston—was now Captain Otto Swanson. He thought his advancement was the direct result of his own rare and brilliant talents. "I could name two or three other young fellers right here who maybe know as much as you do about handlin' a schooner," said an old seaman on the wharf to the strutting young captain, about to sail. "Who are they?" said Swanson, quick as a flash. "I don't know any."

Swanson had come from a coast town in Sweden,

so, when hunger drove him, he started for the end of Cape Cod to ship as fisherman. He walked the rails to Provincetown, and there his good fortune began. Cap'n Ropes spied him, his feet on the ground, his clothes in tatters, and his face pinched.

"Well, boy, where do you hail from?"—"Boston." "Walk?"—"Yes." "Hungry?"—"Yes." "Well, you

and put it in the bank, all but enough to buy you a good suit and to pay fer yer boots an' oolskins, and next v'yage I'll ship you as cook. It's the cap'n and the cook who's the important boys on a vessel."

Take a good sailor and there's nobody kinder, so by one and another this outlander was helped on step by step until he shipped as mate of a sloop. And all the time he read and read—romances and poetry. And all the time his opinion of his own talents soared and soared. And he began to think about being a gentleman. He said eyther and neyther, and when ashore he sought the society of women. Women were apt to accept his own opinion of his shining parts. He was "nice" until crossed. He was generous, always

ready to give to others what he did not want himself. He could stand up and look a man in good weather. He thought he was a man.

He had not seen Provincetown for four years when he found himself master of the *Mary Bell*. But he had got his vessel, through a woman's influence, only on condition that an experienced mate ship with him as nurse. Seven men—captain, nurse, second mate, and four sailors—and a woman cook made the crew.

THE nurse, John Minturn, was an old whaleman who had seen much of the seas and much of good and evil among men. One experience, years before, had tested him to a frightful breaking strain, and he had broken. He and five shipmates had drifted on a wrecked bark's house in mid-ocean for many days. Six skeleton men, they had finally dug out and eaten the lead from the anchor seams. Then said Minturn: "Well, boys, I think it is about time we draw straws to see which of us must have his throat cut." Once they drew lots, and the fortunate ate the unfortunate. But the second man to perish was the weakest, in the darkness, while he slept. Minturn was one of the four survivors.

The second mate and sailors were ruffraff, men without homes, picked up at the shipping office—Americans, Englishmen, and a Portuguese. "There is more than meets the eye in that sayin': 'Birds of a feather flock together,'" declares Cap'n Ropes gravely when we are talking together privately about it all, and he accounts for the make-up of that crew. "There is somethin' that brings like to like, sure as two becalmed vessels keeps edging up to each other."

The cook, Delia, was a big, stout, good-natured German woman who proceeded to get hopelessly seasick as soon as the schooner struck rough water.

Twelve hours out from Portland the nurse of the *Mary Bell* was saying to the cap'n: "Look here, young man, my name is down on the articles of this vessel as nurse, and while I'm aboard her I'll be nurse. You've been makin' objections to me and to the things



The heavy cartwheels, with their six-inch tires, sank to the hubs. The body of the cart burrowed through the snow. The keeper broke the trail ahead. "Come on, boys! Come on!"

come home with me and we'll git dinner." And after dinner: "Now, boy, tell me what fetched you to Provincetown. So, you want to fish?" And Cap'n Ropes brought out his pea-jacket, oolskins and boots for the boy; got neighbors to help out with stockings and warm clothing, and shipped him on a schooner to the Banks. When the boy got back from the Banks he hurried up to Cap'n Ropes as to his best friend. And soon Cap'n Ropes, who had no boy of his own, came to look on the fair-faced, blue-eyed youngster almost as if he were a son. "Now you listen to me, my lad, and I'll make a man o' you. You take your money

I tell you to do; you think you know it all, so I'm going ashore first port we make. Then you kin be nurse—an' sail yer vessel to hell."

That night the schooner ran into a northeast gale off the Cape. A seventy-mile wind, with blinding snow, blew directly on the coast where the dreaded Peaked Hill Bars spout their white water. In the captain's watch with the captain at the wheel—a scared, weak, and stubborn captain—the *Mary Bell* left her course and ran for the land in the effort to round Race Point and enter our harbor.

The moment the schooner struck the bar, seas began to break over her from end to end. Then began the fearful pounding which so quickly rends a vessel to pieces on a sand bar. The fore-castle vomited its men. Captain and mates sprang for the cabin top, about three feet above deck.

"Well, cap'n," said Minturn, "I see yu've docked yer vessel and are gittin' yer deck load off." The logs were up-ending on deck and beginning to pitch about like a rail fence going to pieces.

"We're all lost! We're all lost!" shrieked Swanson. He blubbered about like a whipped boy. His beautiful balloon had burst. Death was grappling for him. Minturn felt like heaving the baby overboard. "Look here, cap'n," he said, "if I got to die I'll die tryin' and not cryin'. If you can't do nothin', I kin."

"Well, Mr. Minturn, I don't know what to do. We're on the bar. We'll all be dead before morning."

"Go to yer berth then, you blubbering fool," howled Minturn.

WAITING his chance between seas Minturn jumped for the fore-castle, where the men had gathered. On the way he grabbed Della, tottering, scared, and weak, from the galley. He set her on the house and dived for the Portuguese, who, chattering like a crazed monkey, crossed himself with one hand and held a knife to his throat with the other. Minturn sent the knife flying, grabbed the man by his collar, ran him to the fore-castle, and hove him below.

"If yu want to pray," he yelled after him, "pray below, not on deck."

"Now, boys, two o' you git aloft there an' nail some boards on the crosstrees for Della to set on. We got to hilt her up there just as quick as we kin."

Della was a very heavy woman, weak from illness and frantic at the thought of having the halyards hitched about her waist and being hoisted sixty feet aloft to perch on a wildly plunging spar. It took four men, two pulling below and two stationed in the crosstrees, to get her on the tiny platform. When they had her securely lashed she sank back, trembling, gasping, like a big fish out of water. One of the men cut a piece of canvas from the topsail and wrapped Della's legs in it, as they hung down by the mast through the orifice in the platform.

That much they did, Minturn most, and the others something; let it count for what it may.

THE schooner's deck was intermittently submerged under roaring seas. Mainmast and mizzenmast had both gone by the board, but, still attached to the vessel by their rigging, they battered its side with every plunge of the hull. All the

men but the captain had climbed to the foremast crosstrees. Some were lashed, some clung by hands and feet to the broken shrouds. So strong was the force of the wind in this lofty aerie that the men at times were torn from their footing and straightened out horizontally like weather vanes.

The roar of the sea, crashing on deck like falling cliffs; the shriek of the rigging; the incessant clatter, like that of a thousand windmills, of the torn and thrashing sails, filled the firmament with sound. It was only by hollowing one's hand and bellowing in one's neighbor's ear that any man could make himself heard.



Della passed quickly from delirious fright into frightful delirium. A sailor poked her roughly with his boot and shrieked at her: "You stop that, ol' woman, or I'll cut yer lashin's!"

And in the thick gloom and driving snow they were all but invisible to each other. Each man was alone, lurching through space on the end of a whipping spar, from which he was likely at any moment to be hurled like an apple from the end of a boy's switch.

Each man's thought was: Only let me get ashore! Only let me get ashore!

Della passed quickly from delirious fright into frightful delirium. She had been a very strong woman; now she tried to sit up, to pull her legs from the void, to tear at her lashings or clutch at crowding feet, like a trapped animal. A sailor poked her roughly with his boot. He leaned over and shrieked at her: "You stop that, ol' woman, or I'll cut yer lashin's."

Forty feet below the crosstrees, quite hidden from the other men, was Swanson, clinging to the ratlines. He had been last in the final rush of the men aloft and had barely reached the foremast shrouds. His clothes were drenched with spray and rapidly stiffening. He was afraid to stay where he was, where the black sea with every tumultuous crash sent exultant arms leaping at him—soon! soon! And he was afraid to go aloft. He was an animal in cringing fear of death. In stark blue agony he chattered: "I don't want to die!"

Suddenly out of the black turmoil streamed and shone the blood-red beacon of hope, the Coston signal of the coast patrol. For a moment the patrolman stood out, a diminished figure, arm upstretched, enveloped in the red glare of the beacon. Darkness again. But the men on the vessel relaxed. Eyeballs stared less wolfishly. Swanson slowly, bunglingly, lashed himself to the ratlines. The men on the crosstrees became conscious each of his mates. They howled to each other:

"Them life-savers'll git us now."

"Yep—maybe."

"This spar'll fall first."

"Damn them life-savers! They won't go into no danger fer yu!"

"Damn you, you fool! D'yu want to kill us all with yer croakin'?"

SURFMAN LEWIS

was breathing hard, and he was bruised and wet and covered with snow when he burst into Peaked Hill Bars Station with the news of a wreck. He had been caught and rolled by the surf, for surf and snow look alike at night; and he had dogtrotted a mile and a half in half an hour against the gale and driving snow.

The crew was roused. The keeper put a few hurried questions. Could he make out the vessel? No. Saw her light and heard her sails slatting; seemed to be on the inner bar. How was the beach road? Impassable. Seas running full to the bluff in places, and still two hours to high tide. The surf? Terrific. Impossible for a boat to be launched. The keeper stepped outside to verify Lewis's weather report. Then he gave a swift order. "The apparatus cart, boys. And we'll take the hollow of the beach."

At this time, more than thirty years ago, the life-saving stations were not connected by telephone. Each station

crew had to do its work alone. And the men were their own horses. They ran the cart out and jumped into place—the surfmen's tandem team—two men in the shafts and five, led by the keeper, strung out in front with hauling straps over their shoulders.

APECULIARITY of the exposed and dangerous coast along which the men had now to force their way is its shifting beach ridge or bluff of sand twenty to thirty feet high, hove up by the sea, and extending from Race Point to beyond High Head, four miles east and west of Peaked Hill Bars Station. On the seaward side the face of this bluff is protuberant to the top with small pieces of wreckage, which the sea has inserted at storm tide much as one would thrust pins into a cushion. On the landward side the bluff faces a second sand ridge of equal height, which also parallels the beach. The narrow valley between these two ridges is the surfman's

(Continued on page 24)

On the Bowery Again

By Arthur Ruhl

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY HENRY RALEIGH



Carrying away a prize

thousand miles of "road." As the cardboard wheel turns, you can imagine, in the dark theatre alleys of thirty or forty cities, as many trucks jolting away to the station with their loads of scenery, as many Irish and Hebrew comedians and deep-voiced leading ladies and little soubrettes with yellow curls, and an army of sturdy chorus nymphs—scrubbing off their make-up, packing their battered trunks, and preparing to hit the trail.

The Unsung Army of Burlesque

THEIR posters—green-whiskered Irishmen and hourglass Amazons in tights—occasionally drift across the eye from some back-street billboard as the "L" train rumbles by. No first-night reviewers acclaim them, their coming is hidden away in a microscopic line of type, for the polite theatre world they do not so much as exist. Yet, somewhere, every afternoon and evening, be it May or December, they are playing; and if they were to get together and march down Fifth Avenue behind their bands, the street might be filled all the way from Forty-second Street to Washington Square.

Like the spokes of a wheel whose rim touches Baltimore and Toronto, Boston and Omaha, these strange little bands of slap-stick troubadours, all fashioned on much the same pattern, follow each other round and round. The sureness of the thing, compared with ordinary stage vicissitudes, is beyond all belief. Two shows a day, forty weeks in the year—only a factory or the most dazzling star knows such stability as this.

A leading man in the average serious play marches up to his first night about as he might march up to a row of belching cannon. If the audience doesn't damn him the critics will, or if both are kind and he wins a "personal success," there are many chances to one that the play will fail and fade away after a limping fortnight. But when the Hebrew comedian with the "Oriental Rosebuds" sticks a black patch over two of his front teeth and pulls his flat derby hat down over his ears on the first of September, he knows as surely as he can know anything that on January 27 his address will be, for instance, the "Star and Garter," Chicago, and that in the last week in May he will be playing at the Empire, in Hoboken, ere retiring to his summer place in Asbury Park.

Real burlesque, like that which used to be seen at Weber and Fields, may be satire of a very "legitimate" and witty sort. Miss Fay Templeton's delicious parody of Bunty in the Weber and Fields' revival, in which she duplicated almost perfectly the prim little Scotch girl's mannerisms and accent, yet by certain exaggerations here and there contrived to make the whole ridiculous, was burlesque at its best. So was that

IN THE manager's office at Miner's Bowery Theatre a circular cardboard chart hangs on the wall. It consists of two disks, set one on top of the other and marked like clock faces, the inner with the names of cities, the outer with the names of burlesque companies playing there.

After the show is over on Saturday night, and the ushers are sweeping up the cigar butts and peanut shells, and the musicians have gone round the corner for their beers, you can imagine Mr. Tom Miner stepping over to his indicator and giving the outer disk a turn. "The Ginger Girls," who were at Newark, are now in Paterson; "The Harem Favorites" have moved from Utica to Buffalo. And what is indicated here is actually happening over several

classic scene in which Fields cried: "Gott! How I lof you!" while he jabbed an affectionate forefinger into poor little Weber's blinking eyes.

The "burlesque" of the popular-piece circuits is quite another thing—merely a rough-house musical show without satirical intent. Yet it has its rules like anything else, and is designed just as surely to please its special audience as the "Gaiety Girl" or a Drury Lane melodrama. Of late years there has been so successful an endeavor to cut out the "rough stuff" that "burlesque" now often means merely a cheap edition of regulation Broadway musical comedy, a trifle brassier and more mechanical, perhaps, than the original. The original article—the old-fashioned slap-stick burlesque of the "Trow him down, McClusky!" school, the sort with which Harvard freshmen used to refresh their overcivilized souls on a Saturday evening at the "Old Howard," which still survives here and there in spite of the cruel spread of refinement—this had a flavor all its own.

The chorus carried spears in those days and were



A player for whom theatrical vicissitudes do not exist

built like Grenadiers. Amazons they were truly called, for there was that in their size and noble contour and indifference to whatever was said that seemed to put them above the insect race of men, absurdly plotting their discomfiture and undoing. Particularly was this true of the leading woman—slightly smiling, indifferent alike to associates and audience, confident that the mere sight of her was something no words could adorn, she seemed to have come from a world of her own and but to have lent herself to the festivities of the evening. Men, behind the footlights or in front of them, were but "boys" to her, amusing in their harmless antics, and when the green-whiskered Irishman, with a killing wink at the audience, marched behind her as she walked, holding his hands apart to indicate her breadth of beam, 'twas not the impudence that impressed so much as the majesty with which she swam above it, serene as a Broadway policeman.

Mrs. Gotrox, or some name similarly suggestive of "Fifth Avenue" and "society," she was called in the play—Miss Lillian Russell in the old Weber and Fields days was but a finer flowering of the type—her daughter the lively soubrette. Then there were the two slap-stick comedians, trying to break into society and always fighting and knocking each other down; the comic Hebrew, forever embarrassed by the difficulty of keeping his money and spending it like a "sport"; the effeminate young man, vastly relished by the riotously contemptuous audience; and then the lesser figures, including the four harassed young men who appeared in breathless succession as waiters, policemen, Bowery toughs, and so on, and "doubled" in front of the back drop at last, while the final scene was being set, as a sailor's male quartet.

None of your Bond Street tea rooms here, titled youths in top hats and gardenias, languishing milliners' apprentices, exquisite as orchids whatever their morals might be. The

slap-stick comedians, in baggy trousers and undershirts, came down to the footlights—

"Say! I-was-walkin'-down-the-street-the-other-day-an'-I-saw-a-dog—"

"What! You-said-I-was-a-dog—" Stap!—and so on.

The Irish comedian was considered delightfully droll when he spat in his waistcoat pocket or sprayed the German comedian from an enormous bulb of insect powder, and when the economical Hebrew was obliged to "open wine" to entertain the society leader, one must expect the unfortunate man to clean his finger nails, and possibly his ears, with the table knife, and when Mr. Gotrox's dashing friend, Mr. Wallingford Skinem, exasperated at his lack of sporting spirit, emptied the salad bowl over his head, thriftily to scrape the salad off and cram it in his mouth. Robust humor, as the critics say, but then so was the taste of the audience, and when the comedian declared that he wouldn't marry a girl until he had seen her in a bathing suit—"you wouldn't buy a watch unless you could see the works"—the crowd promptly responded, appearing to agree, young women no less than their beaming escorts, on the sanity of the observation as well as its wit.

The slap stick has long since been considered uninspired, gone are the hourglass Amazons and their spears. Yet blank cartridges, steps that collapse and shoot the comedian to the bottom, siphons and pails of paste or soapsuds are still important parts of the plot, and though the ballad singer may fairly swoon away in sentiment, the comedian must quickly follow and knock somebody down, or fire off a few blank cartridges, or pour the soup over somebody's head.

The young ladies' seminary is almost as necessary to old-fashioned burlesque as a bed used to be to Mr. Belasco. It makes little difference whether the scene is Coney Island or the Metropolitan Tower, "Kitty's Friends from the Seminary" can always be there. They may come in red satin tights or bathing suits, or green dress suits with green top hats, but they are Kitty's Friends from the Seminary just the same.

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"Kitty's Friends from the Seminary—"

IT IS to the seminary that the Hebrew comedian—whose daughter, Kitty, is studying there—and the German comedian—disguised as a baron looking for an American heiress—come, just as the young ladies, in pink tights and white sweaters, are about to take their exercise. Kitty explains that they are "all ready for the gym," and Mr. Coblinsky remarks that "by golly he should say they were ready for Jim," and just then Mr. Wallingford Skinem arrives and induces both gentlemen to take out life insurance.

As they start to shoot themselves so that they can

The comedian must quickly follow and pour the soup over somebody's head



get the money right away, it appears that night has fallen and that it is time to rob the seminary. A ladder is raised to the garden wall and Mr. Coblinsky chosen to climb it, while Skinem keeps watch below. Halfway up he falls between the rungs, of course, and the audience nearly dies laughing as he tries to lift himself out by the seat of the trousers, while the orchestra man turns a ratchet or clanks a cow bell.

Meanwhile the seminary catches fire and Kitty's friends, in pajamas now, jump one by one into a life net, and then, while the sailors' male quartet gives an imitation of a callopo, the scene shifts to show Kitty's friends sound asleep in their dormitory (evidently not touched by the fire), while the would-be burglars enter from a sky-light disguised as paper hangers. Ensnues a comic paper-hanging scene, in which the Baron becomes tangled in the wall paper and finally receives most of the pall of paste in the face, licking off what he can with great relish. Mr. Coblinsky says that he is a stenographer in a livery stable and stenogs the hay up to the horses, and dashing Mr. Skinem asks the principal if she has any children. She says that she has two nice little boys, thank you, and he says not to thank him; and then Kitty's friends come in again and sing "String a ring of roses round your Ro-o-o-sie," and "When that Midnight Choo-choo leaves for Alabam," and by that time it's summer and time for Kitty's friends to change into ball gowns and appear at supper on the Waldorf-Astoria roof.

"The Irish an' the Dutch"

IT WAS a sign on a Ninth Avenue ash can, "Billy Watson and His Beef Trust Beauties," which lured me recently to the outskirts of farthest Brooklyn for a somewhat closer study of burlesques. It was one of those rainy gray days when the spongelike sky, not content to squeeze itself over the town, seems to sag into the very streets and the world is so muffled and opaque that one is almost surprised to find its ordinary wheels still turning.

Under the river and out again, through interminable streets, alike in dismalness and more dismal still under the cold winter rain, and then, when it seemed as if one must have taken the wrong car, there was a big, warm, crowded theatre, full of band music and smoke and the smell of chocolate and spearmint, and men, women, and children roaring at "Krausmeyer's Alley."

Where they came from, how they could leave their homes or work, they and the thousands like them crowding similar houses in Eighth Avenue, the Bronx, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, goodness knows where, every afternoon in the week—that is one of the mysteries. Here they were, at any rate, and there on the stage was Mr. Billy Watson—baggy comedian's clothes, toothpick in his mouth, red nose, cuffs tied with ribbons, hatchet in his pocket—a sort of mixed-ale Cyrano, striding impudent and serene through this slap-stick epic of the "Irish an' the Dutch."

Mr. Watson, as one might gather from the name bestowed on his assistants—its enchanting connotation flashed across his mind at the time of the Beef Trust investigation and he has used it ever since—belongs to the classic or Breotian school of burlesque, uncontaminated, or nearly so, by the soft Ionian refinements of musical comedy. "Krausmeyer's Alley" goes back to the days when there were shanties and goats in New York where apartment houses stand now. Krausmeyer's shanty and Grogan's are perched on adjoining rocks with a clothesline between, or, in more spirited moments, a shower of cats. You will have seen this shower of cats on some back street billboard, perhaps, and thought it but a fanciful decoration, a flower of the same order of lithography as that from which sprang the comic valentine, but Krausmeyer and Grogan actually throw them in the play and have been throwing them these eighteen or twenty years.

The Hatchet as Part of the Plot

THE action throughout is set in this simple Elizabethan key. The slap stick has gone out, even among such classicists as Mr. Watson, but a hatchet takes its place, and he would be as lost without it as a Drury Lane villain without his gold cigarette case. How roguish its appearance as he asks, "Has anybody here seen Grogan?" and as he embraces

the leading lady, how wittily—unseen by her—he taps her on the back with it while the bass drum goes "Pom!" or the orchestra man makes a sound like rapping a hollow coconut.

When Krausmeyer enters, Grogan thinks he "smells a mushrat," and Grogan, planting his feet on the table, is requested to take them off and "give the limburger a chance." We are scarcely introduced to the alley before there is a general fight. And the first act ends—after the Beef Trust Beauties, appropriately dressed in red silk tights, red claw-hammer coats, and red top hats to represent "Fifth Avenue swells," have danced and sung—in a "fight, battle scene, and riot."

We go to Ireland in the next act, where a medley of Irish songs are sung by the company's handsome soloist and the Beef Trust Beauties appear as "French girls invited from the Parisienne," and then Grogan and Krausmeyer fight again. Then the scene shifts to New York and the christening of little Philip Krausmeyer, with the Beef Trust Beauties metamorphosed into "grown-up kids from the alley." There is vivid repartee about little Philip's resemblance to Grogan, ending with what the program describes as a "fight to a finish," and down goes the curtain on "Auld Lang Syne." Spirited, slap-bang stuff, it will be observed, fit for a generation which sang "Throw him down, McClusky!" from the heart and knew naught of tea dances or cabarets.

The John Drew of the Slap Stick

THE somewhat staggering effect produced by the sight of that crowded theatre, in a region and on an afternoon when you would scarce expect to find anyone abroad, was increased when I endeavored to engage Mr. Watson on the more intimate and personal phases of his art.

To see him on the stage, strings on his cuffs, carrot



Kitty explains that they are "all ready for the gym"

in his buttonhole, hatchet in his pocket, the picture of impudent good humor, you might expect to be received with a wink and "I got you, Steve!" and be promptly rioted away on a gale of breezy anecdote. A slap-stick troubadour for thirty years, the captain of the Beef Trust Beauties—there must be a laugh in every line! Alas for stage illusion! The Krausmeyer I found in the star's dressing room, climbing into business clothes—stiff white shirt, banker's cutaway, opulent diamond ring—could scarcely have been less interested in the merely spiritual aspects of his trade if he had been a hotel keeper or a popular novelist.

The wind, it appeared, blowing through the slightly open window that afternoon, had started an ache in his side. The manager, deeply concerned, thought of massage, a Turkish bath. One of the more elephantine of the Beef Trusters, knocking timidly at the great man's door, suggested capsicum vaseline. In the pauses of this colloquy I spoke of the common ignorance of the extent and importance of burlesque and the desire of the public to know more of one who stood so evidently in the forerank and front of it. Mr. Watson nodded and thought that possibly capsicum vaseline might be the thing, after all. It was then a question of



The old-time "Legit," now on amateur circuit

who should rub it in, and when and where the operation should take place.

"Now you, Mr. Watson," I resumed with a jovial air, after listening some time to this discussion, "occupy, to your branch of the profession, the same position that John Drew does to his—"

Mr. Watson readily assented, and, turning to his manager, wanted to know what on earth had become of those keys. This subject was considered at length and from various angles, the hopeful representative of the uninformed public biding his time as best he might—the final conclusion being that "the boy had lost them." So far so good—a new boy to-morrow, evidently.

The mention of Al Reeves occurred to me as a possible means of luring Mr. Watson's attention. Mr. Reeves, it should be explained, is another king of burlesque, almost, if not quite, as famous as Mr. Watson. One catches glimpses of him, now

and then, bowling down Broadway in his pale-green limousine, his name on a brass plate on each door—an ornate chariot, somewhat between a pagoda and one of the glass-sided automobiles used by the more expensive florists—and in the back seat Mr. Reeves, himself a ruddy orchid, smoking a fat cigar.

Mr. Reeves himself plays on the stage, and his characteristic device is that of talking across the footlights about his company to the audience. No Oriental potentate in his seraglio wields a higher hand than he, and subcomedian and patient nymphs must "stand" for anything that will get a laugh. "Don't applaud that man so much," he will interrupt, "or he'll want a raise. I'm paying him union wages already—nineteen dollars a week!" Or, "Now give Miss Crawford over there a chance. She's a good, clever girl and worth all I pay her." And when the hapless young woman has sung her song, he will solemnly apologize: "She usually does better than that. She'll have to take her clothes out of my trunk if she don't improve." I have seen Mr. Reeves grab one of his singers by the throat and give a lifelike imitation of choking her until she gurgled, "Hey, let up! I've got a sore throat!" while a subcomedian, looking on with every appearance of surprised concern, informed the delighted audience in an aside that "there's a lot of things on the stage you think are only acting and they're real, after all."

"Al Reeves," I began—

"I Clean up About \$30,000 a Year"

MR. WATSON dismissed his rival with a wave of the hand. "That rough stuff'll go with a stag crowd, but not with a general audience. He's no comedian."

I am—that's the difference. I've got a lot of imitators, but they're only so in name—not in comedy. Just built the Orpheum in Pater-son—cost me \$130,000. I clean up about \$30,000 a year out of this show. That ain't so bad for a bum German comedian!" Mr. Watson grinned, and, with an air of one to whom advertising is no object—indeed, why should it

be if, without it, your audience appears twice a day as certain as the sun—pushed toward the box office.

Here, from his examination of the record of receipts, he was recalled to the fact that the insatiable hound of the hungry public still hung to the trail.

"Look here," said Mr. Watson. "Get 'Variety' for January. They give me a two-column 'reader'—that'll give you all you want. Or—here, wait a minute." He took out his fountain pen and scribbled on a sheet of the house letter paper the following telegraphic summary of his life:

Thirtieth year in burlesque went in the show works in Chatham Square Museum at \$6 per week and to-day is to Burlesque what Drew is to the \$2 houses. No salary could be figured on for the Original in

(Continued on page 4)



Where they come from, how they can leave their homes and work—that is one of the mysteries

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THE foremost interest in Washington centers about the question whether or not a currency bill will be passed at the present session. Failure to pass it will be a severe indictment of the efficiency of our present form of government. If the speed of Congress is now limited to two major measures a session, it is obvious something must be done to take care of the constantly enlarging field of Federal legislation. Meantime there is plenty of evidence that, although Congress isn't able to pass a currency measure, it isn't very busy with anything else. These words were spoken in the course of the debate on the currency bill by Congressman Jeremiah Donovan of Connecticut:

It is nearly criminal. You ought to have stated here, and let it go into the "Record," that the leaders on both sides have abandoned this bill and have put it in the hands of new Members and inexperienced ones. . . . Why did not you say that for months there has been barely a quorum here, and that most of the time less than half a quorum has been doing business? Take a great State like New York, with scarcely any of its Members present, and other great States, and there is a very small percentage of them present. . . .

The Other Big Question

IN THE relation of our Government to the Mexican situation, in spite of the apparently exciting news dispatches, no change sufficiently tangible to put in words had taken place at the time this paragraph was written. Long ago President Wilson and Secretary Bryan took the ground that the United States disapproves a government founded on assassination. It is fair to say that in taking this position we violated most of the precedents of international law. The European countries, on the contrary, ignored the ethical considerations which moved our Government, followed international law, and recognized Huerta's as the acting government. This has put the United States in a position which is frankly embarrassing to maintain, so long as Huerta has the strength to keep himself in power. We, of course, take the historical position, and insist on it firmly, that no European nation shall intervene. At the same time our position necessarily is one of waiting till the bottom falls out of the Huerta régime. This collapse does not seem as near happening as would be desirable from the standpoint of our diplomacy. For the present there seems nothing to do but wait in the belief that Huerta's régime will collapse and give the United States an opportunity to recognize a government which is founded on something other than assassination. In the meantime, if the Constitutionalist party which is fighting Huerta should show an increasing strength, it will obviously be our duty to recognize it and raise the embargo on arms.

The Money Reason

ONE reason why Congress is resentful about being kept in Washington by President Wilson to pass the currency bill is rather sordid. If they are kept in Washington until the last day of November, obviously they cannot collect mileage. Some years ago, on an occasion when one session

By MARK SULLIVAN

lasted until noon of the 4th of March and President Roosevelt had called a new session for one o'clock the same day, Congress invented what they called a "constructive recess." They formally passed a resolution giving themselves the mileage to which they would have been entitled if they had gone to their homes and returned. Although this "armchair-mileage" episode happened as far back as 1905, the memory of the public disapproval of it is still vivid, and no one wants to try that device again. The mileage is a fairly important part of the compensation of many Members. It is given at the rate of 20 cents a mile, and for some of the Members runs over \$1,000. Reasonable people do not begrudge the mileage to Members of Congress. The salary, \$7,500 a year, is by no means too large considering that the term is but two years long, and that every second year, in most cases, the Member must spend a good deal of money even in the most modest and rigidly legitimate expense of securing his reelection. Moreover, many Members are compelled to maintain homes both in Washington and in their own districts. It would be better all around if the Lower House, now numbering 435, were cut down more than half, to 200, and each then given a salary of \$10,000 a year.

Wilson and Congress

MANY Senators are honestly concerned about the domination which President Wilson has established over Congress. With them it is not a matter of resenting his ascendancy—they sincerely believe that if such a situation grows there will arise a real danger to the Constitution or the Government or something. They forget that this ascendancy rests wholly on the popular approval of the legislation which the President is urging. Let the President urge something the people do not approve and his so-called domination will disappear in a day. How the public generally feels about it has been well expressed in the Newark (N. J.) "Evening News":

The President of the United States is the national administrator. The sooner that is understood and acknowledged the more direct and prompt will be national reform. . . . It is to the President that the people look for the vindication of their judgment. He is their chosen leader and they expect him to lead. . . . It follows necessarily that the people expect their President to have a free hand. He has been entrusted with pledges and must be allowed to redeem them untrammelled. . . . For the national welfare he is as nearly responsible in person as a single man by any possibility could be. . . .

There is a strong point in the argument that the President represents *national* interests, while Senators and Members of Congress represent *local* interests:

The people have practically ceased to look to Congress for leadership. They expect of their representatives in the National Legislature the harmony and efficiency of action that will enable the administrator, the President, to make real the hopes in respect of which he was elected. Sectional interests, it is true, result in returning to Congress always a proportion of men who register countercurrents of national thought and desire. . . . And yet the malcontents in Congress . . . take the attitude that the President

is guilty of usurpation if he seeks to hold even his party in Congress.

The real trouble is that the people are expecting ministerial authority and responsibility in a form of government which is not ministerial:

Congressional usurpation is what the people of the nation have to fear. They understand this well, and they will understand it better and better. Sooner or later, unless the signs are deceptive, the people's attitude on this question is certain to be made clear by transforming the National Government practically into a parliamentary government, in which the administration, perhaps through what will amount to a Ministry, shall be held clearly responsible for each and every national policy. *Until then, the President individually is the accepted national leader of his majority in Congress, and whatever seeks to take this function from him, whether it be Congress or any other influence or interest, will be regarded and condemned by the people as usurping.*

Taking the Profit Out of War

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM KENT of California has introduced a resolution giving to the Government a monopoly of the manufacture of explosives. As to this particular commodity, Congressman Kent doesn't care much whether the Government can do it more or less efficiently, more or less expensively. He puts it entirely on this argument:

It is a matter of common knowledge . . . that those interested in the manufacture of war materials have been potent factors in the promotion of war scares and of war. *In the villainous business of war the question of dividends to individuals or corporations should never be permitted to enter.*

Think very hard about this. Is there any answer to it? Incidentally, the truth is that the Government can manufacture its powder much cheaper than the price at which the Powder Trust sells it to the Government. Also, it is a fact that there exists an international trust in the manufacture of explosives whereby foreign manufacturers have bound themselves to refrain from selling powder in the United States, even to the United States Government.

Cumbersome

SECRETARY FRANKLIN LANE of the Interior Department has been threatened with a breakdown in health. His predecessor, Walter Fisher, made a narrow escape from the same fate. Any Secretary of the Interior who takes his office and his duties seriously will find that his physical strength is not equal to the strain. The Secretaryship of the Interior is the biggest job in the United States. It combines not less than six departments, each of which would be a heavy task for a very able man. It would take at least four years for a very able man to learn the job of Secretary of the Interior. Four years is as long as any man can stay in it, and ordinarily they do not stay so long. Meantime in the bottom tiers of the structure, where it touches the public in the shape of lands, Indian affairs, and otherwise, there is a lot of looseness that has the same result as corruption. This is one of the things that will be cured in the change in the form of government that is likely to come within a few years.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST MONUMENT was dedicated at Leipzig, Germany, last month on the one-hundredth anniversary of the "Battle of the Nations." It was here that Napoleon's army received from the allies a blow that gave promise of what was to follow a little later at Waterloo. The monument is nearly three hundred feet high and is two hundred feet wide at the base. It is of reddish porphyry and cement, and cost \$1,500,000. In our photograph human figures are so small that they almost escape attention.



Forgetting the "Pipe-Clay Brain" to Honor a "Heart of Iron"

ACROSS a lonely grave in the Pennsylvania mountains, representatives of England and the United States clasped hands a few weeks ago to honor a soldier who had been almost forgotten for 158 years. History had put down Major General Edward Braddock as a colossal failure. Thomas Carlyle savagely described him as "the leader with the heart of iron and pipe-clay brain."

The officers of General Braddock's old regiment, the Coldstream Guards of England, presented two of the monument's bronze tablets; and a squad of the Guards attended the dedication.

General Sir Alfred Edward Codrington, formerly Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, spoke for England; Philander C. Knox, formerly Secretary of State, spoke for the United States.



A snapshot taken from the deck of the Carmania is one of the most convincing refutations of the accusation that the crew of the big English liner lacked the courage to make an attempt to go to the rescue of the passengers of the Volturno. The lifeboat in this photograph put off soon after the Carmania arrived, and for two hours was buffeted in the storm before the crew despaired of making a rescue. Heavy seas smashed the oars and several times almost capsized the lifeboat.

Two Champions: A Driver and a Smasher



The Driver

ENGLAND at last has won a victory over America in an outdoor sport. A voteless woman did it.

Among the women golfers in the recent tourney at Wilmington, Del., no Outimet turned up to vanquish Miss Gladys Ravenscroft of Bromborough, and the visitor took back to Britain a beautifully ornamented cup and the title of women's golf champion of the United States. In the final round she defeated Miss Marion Hollis of New York two up at the eighteenth hole.

The English champion's drives proved consistently longer than those of her opponent, though Miss Hollis is known as "one of the best drivers among the American women golfers." Miss Ravenscroft's portrait, snapped in action at the tournament, appears in the circle above.

The Smasher

CLOSE on the heels of this victory, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, whose enterprising manager billed her upon the posters, like another Bombardier Wells, as "England's Fighting Suffragette," arrived in New York to begin her lecture tour. A public with a wholesome respect for the prowess of English women champions awaited her, and the militant champion of suffrage found it easy to make a good impression.

Our photograph of Mrs. Pankhurst is a flash light taken in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the evening she made the first speech of her American lecture tour.



J. H. Fabre has just attained recognition at ninety

How an Age of Science Treats Some of Its Heroes

IN what we proudly call an "Age of Science" the world still treats scientists like dogs. An appalling array of recent news notes is at hand to furnish the counts of this indictment.

"Poor I have lived, poor I die!" were the last words of Charles Tellier, who, half starved and in agony, died the other day in a shabby room in Paris. His experiments of half a lifetime made refrigeration systems possible. One of the many corporations that he had helped to enrich offered him in his last hours a gift of \$20,000. Tellier scornfully rejected it. He accepted a ribbon from the Legion of Honor but spurned alms.

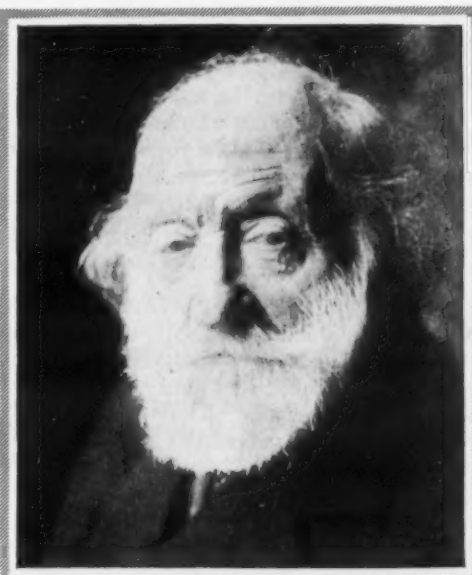
J. H. Fabre, the French poet-entomologist, called "The Insect's Homer," at last has attained deserved honors—but he had to live until ninety to get them.

"A little longer," he quaintly observes, "and the violins would have come too late."

Yet France is no more ungrateful than other lands. The Wright brothers found quicker recognition there than in America.

That Germany may live in a glass house, too, might be guessed from reading the story of Dr. Diesel. (See page 20 of this issue.) His work may prove epoch making, but he died a bankrupt and possibly a suicide.

England rewards Marconi, the scientist life-saver whose invention has rescued hundreds at sea, by connecting his name with a financial scandal; and France has given equally shabby treatment to Madame Curie.



Charles Tellier died the other day in poverty



Dividends above Children

IT SEEMS that with Senator HOKE SMITH and CLARK HOWELL, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," among the notables comprising the National Child Labor Committee, Georgia would provide reasonable safeguards for the children of its poor—but Georgia does not. Apparently Georgians are more concerned with seeing their factories make money than with giving boys and girls a chance to make good citizens of themselves. During its recent session the State's law-making body turned down two extremely mild child-welfare measures. One of the bills provided that children should be sent to school at least four years, from the age of eight to twelve. The other forbade the employment of small children in factories, setting the age limit at twelve after 1913, at thirteen after 1914, and at fourteen after 1915. Both bills contained exceptions which afforded ample opportunities for evasion, as is usually the case when such laws are framed in Southern States. The Georgia Cotton Manufacturers' Association did not openly oppose the bills, but still there were not votes enough to put them on the statute books. A Senator named SPINKS, the president of a small cotton mill, declared that he was not a member of the Georgia Cotton Manufacturers' Association, that the manufacturers did not really want any legislation, and that it was necessary for ten-year-old children to work in cotton mills to support widowed mothers and invalid fathers. The attitude of Senator SPINKS seems to be that of a large element of Georgia's voting population, else the people would elect a Legislature that would pass laws to keep little boys and girls out of cotton mills and in school until they have reached the average stage of physical and mental development.

Pues, Señor!

IN HENRY BAERLEIN'S "Mexico, the Land of Unrest" occurs an anecdote of the latest revolution. Some soldiers were standing outside a legation building during the conflict between MADERO and FELIX DIAZ. "From which side are you protecting us?" one of the foreigners inquired; "are you for DIAZ or for MADERO?" "Pues, señor," the patriots replied. "Our officer will soon return, and then we'll know." The Mexican situation in a nutshell: leaders, but no issues.

Something Worth Remembering

BEFORE THE SULZER CASE passes completely into history there is one aspect of it which should be emphasized, both because it is not obvious and because it has a bearing upon many other affairs. The counts of the Sulzer indictment were these:

ARTICLE 1—Charging the Governor with making a false statement of campaign receipts and payments.

ARTICLE 2—Charging him with perjury in swearing that the statement was true.

ARTICLE 3—Charging him with bribing witnesses to withhold testimony from the Frawley Committee.

ARTICLE 4—Charging him with "practicing deceit and fraud and using threats and menaces" to suppress testimony desired by the Frawley Committee.

These were all. Everything SULZER was accused of hung upon the statute requiring him to file a list of his campaign expenditures. This statute in New York is only a few years old. It is nowhere more than ten years old. Before this statute was passed SULZER could have done all that he has done, and yet retain his office in complete respectability. This statute is one of many concrete crystallizations of advancing ethical standards. To-day men are indicted and sometimes sent to jail for what half a generation ago or less was merely a defect in taste or ethics. All this should be remembered, and to any man who has lived through this period of changing standards much should be forgiven. Let fierce journalists reflect that probably there is not in the United States an editor of fifteen years' experience who has not carried railroad passes under circumstances which, repeated to-day, might bring him into the criminal court.

Honor vs. Profits

RETRACTION IS NOT ALWAYS PAINFUL. In the case of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and its spectacle-selling concession, COLLIER'S amends a recent criticism with real satisfaction. It was officially announced that this concession would go to the highest bidder. COLLIER'S twice denounced the project as an invitation to quackery; but between the publication of our two editorials the exposition committee unanimously decided against granting any spectacle concession at all. We are sincerely sorry that the news of this good resolution did not reach us a few days sooner. But we are sincerely glad to recognize the high standards of probity which led the officials, after conscientious examination of the facts, to throw

out some \$60,000 of clear profit; and we congratulate the exposition on its spirit of good faith and fair dealing. To stand to an unworthy proposition in the face of public disapproval may take brute courage. To withdraw frankly from it indicates both courage and that sense of honor without which courage is a vice.

Suffrage Serves Warning

THE ANNOUNCEMENT from Dr. ANNA HOWARD SHAW that the National American Woman Suffrage Association will defeat all candidates for reelection who oppose giving women the vote is a fair warning, not a threat. What happened the other day to Judge LESLIE D. PUTERBAUGH in central Illinois may fall to the lot of any other politician in the land. This Judge, a candidate for reelection to the State Supreme Court, refused to commit himself upon woman suffrage. The cause regarded him with suspicion for a few days—on the theory that silence sometimes means dissent—and then lit out after him with cudgels. The fact that the Judge lives in Peoria and is held in high esteem by some of the leading business men of the town added color to the charge that he was a "wet" and an "anti." He had been on the bench for nearly a quarter of a century, and the district was overwhelmingly Republican, so, following the precepts of his neighbor, Uncle Joe, the candidate "stood pat." What happened to the great Danville standpatter happened to the Judge from Distillersville. The overwhelmingly Republican district flopped to Democracy. Women campaigners, prominent among them Mrs. MEDILL McCORMICK, Mrs. ANTOINETTE FUNK, and Mrs. SHERMAN M. BOOTH, were leaders in the assault of Progressives that demoralized the Republican ranks and made a Democratic victory possible. The State Supreme Court is to pass upon the validity of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Act, and the suffragists didn't care to trust their fortunes with an evader.

Watch Oregon

ONE ADVANTAGE of our system of State governments is the opportunity for experiment. The younger States try out radical proposals, and if the innovation works, and is adaptable to other communities, it is only a question of time till it is adopted in the skeptical East. The Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon has made a ruling, which becomes law on November 23, fixing a minimum wage of \$9.25 a week for adult women clerks who are not apprentices; defining eight hours and twenty minutes as the maximum day's work, and fifty hours as the maximum for a week; and establishing 6 p. m. as the latest hour at which any woman may be employed in a mercantile establishment on any day of the year. This order automatically eliminates Saturday night shopping and late hours of shopping in the Christmas season, and was resisted by most of the department stores. Keep your eyes on Oregon and on the workings of this new legislation.

Safety Valves

PUBLIC OPINION is like steam in more ways than one. Repressed for any great length of time, it is likely to prove explosive. Granted a safety valve (sometimes called ballot boxes), it is discovered to be beneficently, creatively powerful.

Fashions

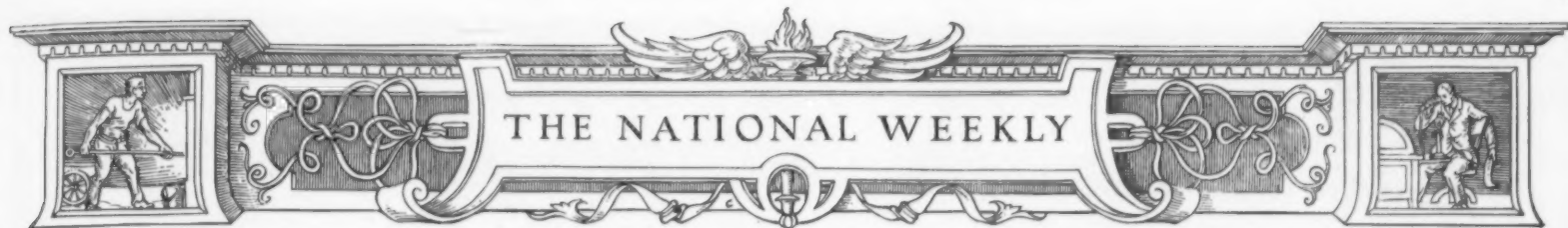
THE SLIT SKIRT is only 1,200 years old, and CHU FI CHU invented it for the ladies of Japan. Also, CARLTON in 1603 described the costume of the British Queen thus quaintly:

Her clothes were not so much below the knee but what we might see a woman hath both fute and legs, which I never knew before. She had a pair of buskins sett with rich stones, a helmet full of Jewells, and her whole attire embossed with Jewells of several fashions.

When one has just been listening to a sermon on the degeneracy and ostentation of our times, it is a real refreshment to happen upon a passage like this—for CARLTON'S age was certainly not a licentious one at the British Court with dour JAMES I sitting on the throne. True, the outfit just partially described embodied the Queen's idea of PALLAS ATHENE, and was worn at a court masque—not on Broadway. It is all the same well to observe the past—lest we think too ill of our own day's frankness as to "both fute and legs."

One More

WELCOME TO THE NEW ORLEANS "ITEM" and its clean-up of its advertising columns! Unequivocally and in terms which leave no room for quibbling or evasion, it comes out for the single standard of morals in journalism. It will no longer take the dirty



money of quack and swindling advertisers, while maintaining principles of honor and probity in its news and editorial columns. We wish there were space to reprint in full its editorial announcement of October 2, headed "The Item's Stand Against the Publicity Practiced by 'The Great American Fraud.'" Every publisher in the United States ought to read it. As a clear, succinct, far-reaching, and irrefutable argument against fraudulent advertising, it stands quite alone. One passage will show the spirit:

We have not sought in our scrutiny of this advertising to hypnotize ourselves with excuses and technicalities on which to admit business that we naturally hate to lose. We have construed the rules not only in the letter, but in the spirit as well. Wherever an ordinary doubt has existed we have ruled against the advertiser and our own cashier.

To carry out this principle has cost the "Item" at the outset \$26,000. The publishers deem it money well lost. They are willing to pay for cleanness and decency. It is interesting to note that the farthest North and the farthest South of the great American dailies, the Minneapolis "Journal" and the New Orleans "Item," now stand as the most uncompromising type of anti-fraud journalism. In between there is plenty of room for reform. What newspaper will be next?

Chicago's Leisure Class

FROM THE SHRILL DIN of Manhattan the wistful eye is drawn to an upper right-hand corner in the Chicago "Tribune," where, in a type esthetic, but just not *too* esthetic—a delicate synthesis of the urbanity and solidity of the old school—we are invited by two Michigan Avenue beauty lovers to join in contemplation of their collection of "fashionable accessories to men's dress for town and country":

The English Room at this shop is in the spirit of our intention to make shopping for men a pleasurable relaxation. Here, in an atmosphere of quiet, restful seclusion, you may make your selections at your easy leisure. Mr. HERBERT JOHNSON'S hats, many interesting novelties for golf and outdoor wear, etc., etc.

There is something here that has gone from Cockney Manhattan, something of an older, mellower day—what is New York, after all, but a factory, a workshop, "merely a good show town," as Mr. BENSON sniffs, disdaining to bring on his Stratford Shakespearians! That deliciously esoteric "Mr. HERBERT JOHNSON'S hats"—surely the lily gilded, the finer flower! The art of turning out such perfect cameos of prose is lost to insular New Yorkers; they speak a harsher, more nervous tongue—the rose's scent has vanished from the shattered vase. In Charleston, S. C., under the Sacred Codfish, along Chicago's quaint Boul' Mich', something of that older day may still survive—New York is too modern, too new and too busy, too cruelly chained to the whizzing car of Time.

We See "Hamlet"

FORBES-ROBERTSON'S FAREWELL has filled one of New York's too numerous new theatres, just as it will fill the playhouses visited "on the road." His repertory includes plays by JEROME, KIPLING, SHAW, and other moderns, no less than "Hamlet"—this spiritual actor's highest achievement. Here is a figure born to command—and not only in such a scene as that with the strolling players (where some prefer SOTHERN), but in the tragic tenderness of the interview with OPHELIA; in every passage expressive of poetry, philosophy, courtliness, or gusty whimsy. How maudlin seem to-day the old-style arguments: "Was HAMLET mad?" Here is a filial Dane who has indeed studied at Wittenberg with HORATIO, who is indeed "Prince of Denmark." Three times have we seen FORBES-ROBERTSON in the part—once without the usual "properties"—and each time his performance yielded riches for remembrance. FATE is a member of the cast when this actor plays; the prince among men never lets us forget that he is a puppet of the gods. On the last occasion a young girl sat by our side and whispered afterward: "I never thought of it before as *something that might have happened*." Yet this is no "naturalistic" rendering, in the sense of NOVELLI'S Shakespearean degradations; it is shot through with the spirit of high romance. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S intelligence is as beautiful as his voice; and he stands the test when he reads the most hackneyed speeches in the English language—"To be or not to be," for example. FORBES-ROBERTSON is incapable of banality; he brings to his task as an interpreter of great dramatic literature distinction and nobility of character. The sex plays mark a passing phase, but New York crowds not to musical comedies alone, and to crude sensationalisms like "The Fight" and "The Lure," but to this "Hamlet." The Sulzer case demonstrated once more that there is something rotten in the state of MURPHY—but since New Yorkers appreciate FORBES-ROBERTSON they cannot all be men and women of Gomorrah.

What Was the Distiller's Name?

WE RAN ACROSS THIS CASE in the New York "Evening Post" recently. The italics, which are ours, tell the usual story:

HARRY MANN of 416 West Twenty-ninth Street, who killed his father, a Civil War Veteran, on the night of May 21 last, was sentenced to-day to the Elmira Reformatory by Judge FOSTER in the Court of General Sessions. . . .

On Monday MANN pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the second degree, the maximum penalty of which is fifteen years' imprisonment. He is twenty-eight years old, and by good behavior can secure his release from the reformatory in eleven months. The sentencing of MANN to the Elmira Reformatory was at the request of the District Attorney's office, which in a memorandum set forth that MANN had been examined by Dr. McGUIRE, Tombs prison physician, who was of the opinion that *he was crazy with drink when the crime was committed*.

Could not the District Attorney's investigators, if they had pressed just a little farther, found out what brand of whisky caused this particular murder? Then we should be able to give the name of the distiller who walks the streets of Louisville or Baltimore in that high respectability which is maintained upon the profits of stimulating crime.

Routine

DON'T BE UTTERLY DISCOURAGED because you have to do the same job over and over again. Nature has been staging sunsets and sunrises for some eons now—yet we remark no deterioration in their quality from year to year.

Poetry about Panama

EVIDENTLY EMERSON WAS NOT ALONE in holding that "the only poetry is history—could we tell it right." There is, at least, a good deal of comment upon our editorial "Wanted: A Genius," published last month. An amusing letter comes to us from one of the poets who has for his part already celebrated Panama in song—right here in COLLIER'S. Says BERTON BRALEY:

I have been trying to decide whether the man who wrote that editorial does not read COLLIER'S WEEKLY, or if he simply wanted to make a neat backhand slap at me.

No, no, we *do* read COLLIER'S; read it in manuscript, in proof, in the finished magazine. Yes, yes, we *do* like Mr. BRALEY'S verse, or it wouldn't be published here; but poets are so touchy! Just to prove our appreciation, here is the catchy way Mr. BRALEY'S "At Your Service" opens in our issue of May 31:

Here we are, gentlemen: here's the whole gang of us,
Pretty near through with the job we are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any preference,
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

But that is not all. GEORGE D. HENDRICKSON of Philadelphia wounds us cruelly in writing:

To ignore WHITMAN'S "Passage to India," bearing on the subject as it does, betrays an unpardonable lack of knowledge of the world's best literature.

And some one in Cumberland, Md., declares:

Your editorial, "Wanted: A Genius," is already answered in PERCY MACKAYE'S "Panama Hymn," published in the April number of the "North American Review."

Right! In its address to Him who is "Lord of the Sundering Land and Deep," that poem strikes the true note of grandeur:

For thee bath glaring CYCLOPS sweat,
And ATLAS groaned, and HERCULES
For thee his iron sinews set,
And thou wast lord of RAMESSES.
Till now they pause, to watch thy hand
Lead forth the first Leviathan
Through mazes of the jungled land,
Submissive to the will of man:
Submissive through the will of us
To thine, the universal will,
That leads, divine and devious,
To world communions vaster still.

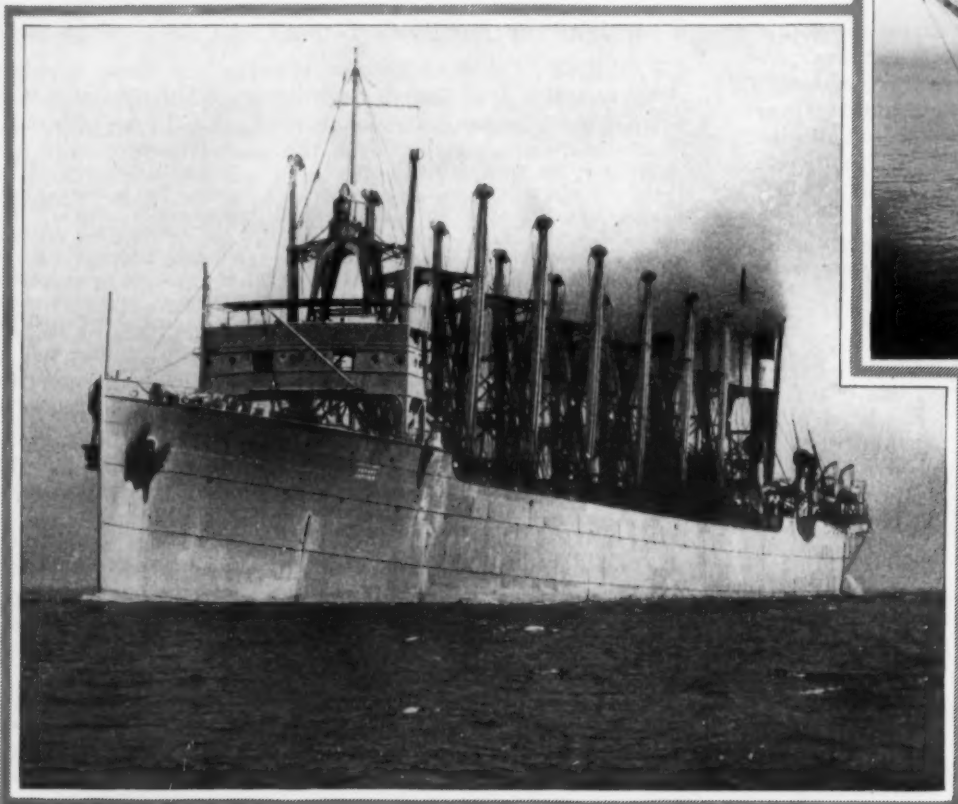
Poets and canal diggers are not so different, after all. Dipping into one of the old numbers of COLLIER'S we find there this forgotten sentence:

There is one Greek word for "I do" from which we get the word practical, and another Greek word for "I do" from which we get the word poet.

And the San Diego "Tribune" adds:

Perhaps the Panama Canal is in itself an epic that could not be improved upon by other poets than those who have written it already in the rocks and jungles.

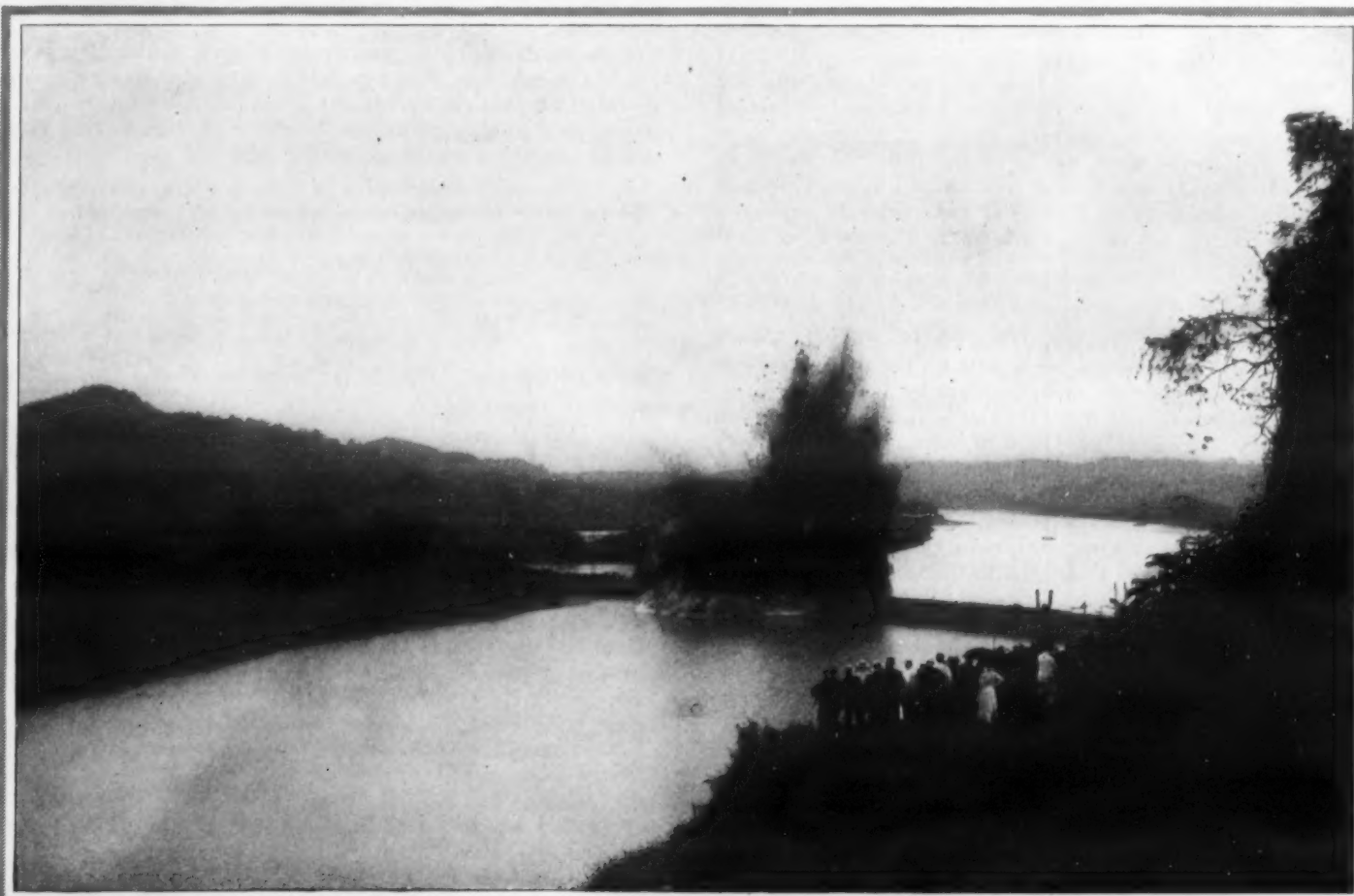
The Jupiter, a Mammoth New Coaling Ship That Operates by Electricity



The larger picture shows how the Jupiter appears on a cruise. The snapshot in the upper square is of the deck when the cranes are lowered and ready to begin hoisting

TO a seaman's eye, longing for the beauties of the clipper, the *Jupiter*, a brand-new vessel now being tried out in the navy's collier service, is a "house on wheels." This whale of a ship, one of the largest ever launched on the Pacific Coast, can carry more than 12,000 tons of coal. She is driven by electric motors operating directly on the propellers. Steam runs the engines which whirl the motors. The *Jupiter* is the first collier ever equipped with this sort of machinery; and the unofficial reports—there are no official ones as yet—are not all in agreement about the vessel's efficiency. In particular, it is questioned whether the collier will successfully coal battleships at sea when the water is not calm. The first tests of the mechanism were made in San Francisco Bay.

The structures on her deck, which look like the steel skeleton of a skyscraper, are the coaling cranes. From these work the clamshell buckets, gripping the coal like so much mud.



Severing Two Continents with a Blast: When the President "Busted" Gamboa

THROUGH 4,000 miles of telegraph and cable wires, an electric signal flashed from the White House to Panama on the afternoon of October 10 and exploded 1,000 charges of dynamite in the sides of Gamboa Dike. The blast

shattered the last land connection between the two American continents. Water from Gatun Lake burst through into Culebra Cut and the isthmus was pierced from sea to sea. The only work that now remains to be done is to dredge

the canal prism and remove the debris. The ceremonies of the day were of the simplest sort. President Wilson turned the switch and said: "Gamboa is busted." What happened at the other end of the wire is graphically told in our snapshot.



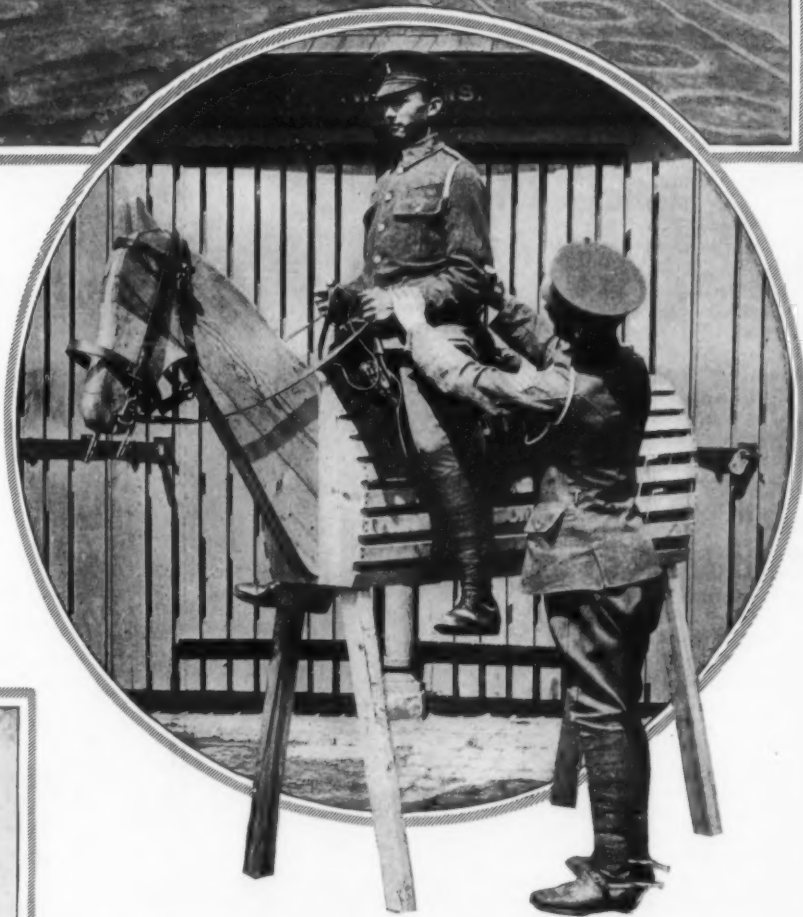
A Classroom in Which Education Takes on Attractive Aspects

THE snapshot at the head of this page is a glimpse of a classroom. Every student in the University of Minnesota is expected to appear there at least twice a semester. The gallery is a private one, owned by Thomas B. Walker, and adjoins his downtown home in Minneapolis. The collection is to be open to students of the university one afternoon a week. It is one of the finest private collections of paintings and art objects in the country, and includes two canvases by Rembrandt, one by Frans Hals, four by Rubens, four by Murillo, three by Gainsborough, four by Sir Joshua

Reynolds, four by Greuze, and sixteen by Turner. A remarkable collection of miniatures of famous men and women is one of several interesting supplements to the 371 masters.

A Modern Descendant of The Horse of Troy

IN THE circle at the right is a glimpse of one of the processes through which an English cavalry rookie passes in being made into a soldier. Before he is trusted on a real horse he must learn to saddle and "ride" a wooden dummy.



Two Oklahoma Senators Who Got Information by Digging for It

THE two citizens in the snapshot at the left, apparently a pair of hard-working miners wondering how much longer they will have to wait until the whistle blows, are Oklahoma State Senators. On the left, Fred Tucker of Ardmore; at the right, T. F. Memminger of Atoka. An important

mining law was pending in the Legislature. In search of practical, first-hand information about technical matters involved in the proposed law, the two young Senators got into overalls and spent a week pushing cars, digging coal, and gathering bits of information in the mines at Coalgate.





The Cub Reporter Again

By Frazier Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR



MOST newspaper stories are terrible chestnuts because nine out of ten deal with the conventional cub reporter who does impossible things, or the acidulated city editor who drives his staff to the point of distraction in order to get a story. I should like to see a newspaper story, and especially the cub-reporter story, banished to the limbo of forgotten topics for the next ten years.—Magazine Editor.

BUT just the same I once knew a cub reporter—well, here he goes anyway.

His name was Davie Hart and he was twenty-three, and long and lank, and drew \$8 per from the old City Press Association. A man can do a lot on \$8 a week if his heart is in the game. And Davie's was.

Through four years of European history and French prose and ten credits in science—yes, he has to be a college man—he had dreamed of the days when he would pick out the footsteps of Richard Harding Davis and try to follow them. Sometimes he thought that later on he might turn reformer like Brand Whitlock, or humorist like George Ade or Pete Dunne.

And then he liked to think about Ben King and Gene Field. He knew "If I Should Die To-night" by heart and worshiped the memories of the White-chapel Club and lamented its dissolution. He was a real newspaper man in everything but the actual knowledge of the game.

When the City Press took him on the last week in June they sent him to South Chicago. The police station furnished him a scratching pen in the daytime and a roost at night. His hours of duty covered two complete circuits of the clock each twenty-four hours and he was responsible for every scrap of news to the Indiana line.

ALMOST isolated from the city proper, South Chicago is the harbor from which a hundred newspaper craft have first hoisted their sails to the living winds of adventure and romance. It has always been the haven for a half dozen water-logged, unseaworthy derelicts, who float without rudder or compass around its muddy waters, gathering flotsam at so much per column for the more ambitious papers uptown. Into this uncertain sea sailed our hero on his maiden voyage. His boat rode high: his cargo was hope and ambition and the joy of living.

But there were treacherous shoals and storms ahead for his little bark. Billy Reed of the "Journal" and Red Morgan of the Hearst papers and Jim Adams of the "Tribune" and the "Herald" and "News" men generally looked after the bad weather part. Instead of the brilliant young cub scooping the daylights out of the old-timers as per fiction, Davie held his job only by the thinnest thread of future promise. The gang had put several stories over him that had caused the powers that be to burn up the telephone wires in telling him about it. His job was as uncertain as Chicago weather.

One night about six weeks after his debut, Davie, with one or two of the boys, was taking in a little movie and vaudeville show a few blocks from the police station. The black face had just finished his \$21 sketch when the manager tiptoed down the aisle and whispered to Davie that he was wanted on the telephone in the box office. As customary, Davie

had left word of his whereabouts with the police operator at the station, and when the voice at the other end said that it was the City Press office talking, he nervously awaited orders. He was to go to Hegewisch immediately and get a story of Battling Nelson: the office had just received the tip that Bat had been seriously injured in a street fight with an Italian. He was cautioned against letting any of the other boys in on the yarn, and directed not to waste time doing any telephoning but to start at once.

Billy Reed was standing in the entrance when Davie came out of the box office, and inquired what was doing and where he was going. Davie trumped up some excuse and hurriedly left. At the corner drug store he found out the direction to Hegewisch; the street-car track skirted the suburb by some distance, but by leaving the car at a certain point and following a little dusty road, a walk of about two miles would land one in the town. He thanked the druggist and three minutes later boarded the southbound car.

ABOUT the same time that our adventurous young cub was taking his seat on the car, Billy Reed, who had so solicitously inquired about his destination at the theatre, pushed open the double

desk man. "And maybe I didn't sling the palsy into him. Told him to hustle out and not even stop to telephone. I warned him not to give it away to any of you cutthroats."

"He didn't either," said Billy Reed. "Oh, it was sure rich. The way he looked when I tried to nail him, you'd 'a' thought he was just putting over a second Battle of Manila scoop or another Stensland story."

"What did he say when you stopped him?" asked the "News" man.

"Just looked scared and said that he had a little private business South. Wonder what Bat Nelson will do to him. He's got a couple of miles' walk and the cars stop running at midnight. It's a pipe he won't get home till morning."

MIKE, mine host, encased in the customary white, was let in on the new one just slipped over on the fresh cub, and was generous gentleman enough to fill them up all the way around on the house.

Still enjoying the joke, the crowd walked over to the police station to tell the police boys. However, they found the station deserted except for Bull Jordan, the desk sergeant, and the police operator. There had been a nasty shooting scrape and all the men were out working on the case.

Pumping Jordan for as much of the story as he knew, the reporters hurried to the scene of the tragedy.

The police ambulance had already taken the victim away. Bailey, the man who had done the shooting, had escaped, and every extra policeman in the district was looking for him.

Bailey's wife was on the verge of hysteria, and although the police officials had questioned her in every way, they could learn little. Her husband, coming home late from work, had found Hanson, the victim, there with her and had shot him. They could only guess at the motive. The woman refused to either confirm or deny the various theories they advanced.

EVERY station in the city had a description of the man wanted and a dragnet thrown out; all parts of the town were covered.

Satisfied that the mystery would not be solved for some hours at least, the reporters had telephoned their stories to their respective sheets and gathered again at Mike's place.

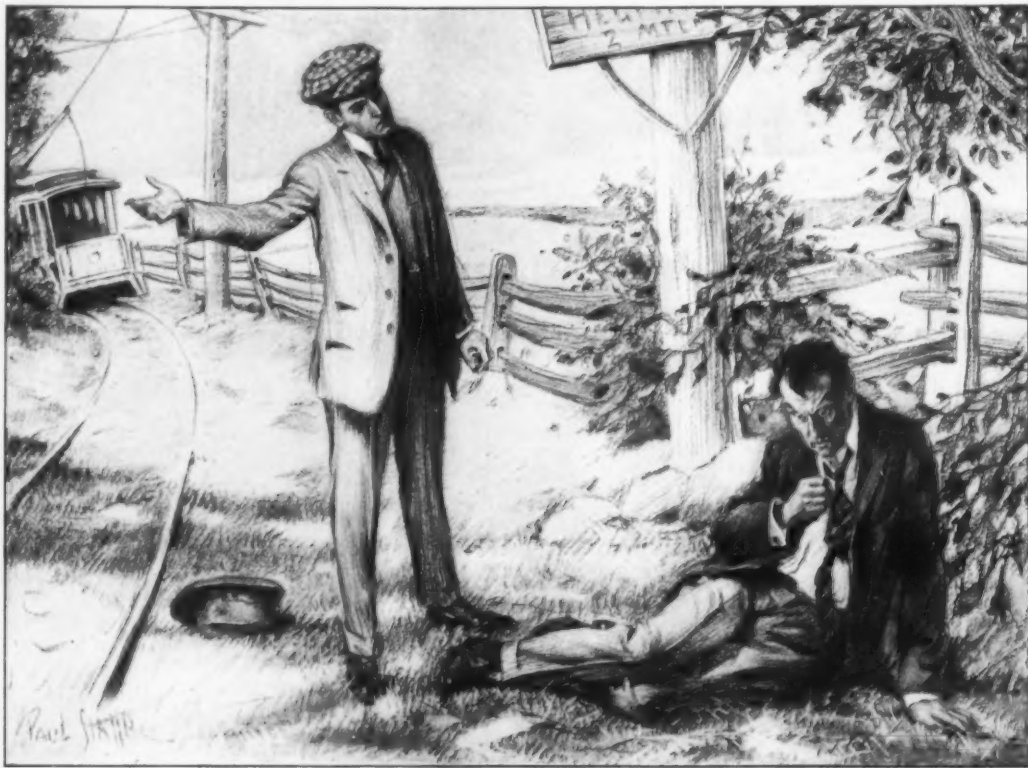
"I would bank on the motive, but I'm afraid of it," Reed said. "I'll bet a lead nickel there's money mixed up somewhere down the line."

"Money nothing," replied Morgan. "The woman was in love with this Hanson guy, and the husband comes home, finds him there, and plugs him. That's all the yarn—plain as the nose on your face."

The "News" man set down his glass and turned to the crowd.

"Nixie. 'Charchey la fem'—get me? O. Henry wrote a bear of a story with that title one time. It means 'smell out the skirt.' That's all you want to do here. The wife didn't have nothing to do with it. There was another woman in the deal. Both of them were armed. And the fellow's wife won't talk, will she? Well—there you are. They were fighting over some Flossie." The reporter picked up his glass again and then added: "But I'm like you, Billy: I'm afraid to play it up."

"By the way, fellows," remarked Billy Reed, "dirty



"No need to worry; I'll help you home. Where do you live?" "Over—" The man hesitated and then went on: "Say, you look like a decent fellow. I just shot a man"

swinging door at Mike Donnelly's Rest Room, where the newspaper gang had gathered by prearrangement. "Swallowed bait and all," Billy shouted as he joined the crowd.

WITH the brass rail resting snugly and securely in the hollow of their shoes the old-timers made exceedingly merry over the misfortunes of the barbarian member of their craft who had tried to invade their private preserves.

"He must 'a' thought I was the big gun himself, the way he answered up," said Red Morgan, who had done the telephoning in imitation of the City Press

trick we played on the kid. We're bums to have him chase wild geese and then scoop the pants off him at the same time."

"It'll do him a heap of good," answered Young of the "Trib." "Life may possibly be worth living after he gets back. Repeat here, Mike."

THE car that Davie caught was an open one, and he chose a back seat so that he might woo his Princess Nicotine. The passing hour was surely pleasant to contemplate. He was taking a rather intimate part in the world and her spinning. To interview the lightweight champion would be an interesting experience even to a blasé old newspaper man like himself.

A dozen or so blocks down the street a pale-faced man limped aboard the car and took the seat opposite Davie. His face was drawn and intermittently twitched as if he were suffering intense pain. He looked to be about forty years old, and Davie decided that he was a clerk or office man, who at present was travelling through Hades with the rheumatism. A newspaper was spread out on his lap and its exact arrangement seemed to worry him considerably. The reporter started to speak to him, but hesitated when the man purposely turned his head away. After that Davie settled back in his seat and figured out how he would roast the gang after he had scooped them on the Nelson story.

At a little dirt road running through the woods the car stopped and the conductor called out Hegewisch. As Davie alighted he was surprised to see the man who sat opposite him get off on the other side of the car. In a few seconds the car had slid away into the night and Davie found himself facing the cripple. He seemed to be wavering in his tracks and a groan escaped from his lips. Davie stepped up to him and took hold of his arm.

"Here, let me help you," he said. "Feeling a little tough, ain't you? How's this?"

"Thanks! Guess I'm worse than I thought I was," the man answered, speaking slowly and almost in a whisper. "My leg's gone back on me."

"Rheumatism is a nasty thing all right," Davie said in a sympathetic tone. "I had an uncle once who—"

"Yes—I guess I'll sit down," whispered the sick man, going down on his knees in the grass. Davie bolstered him against a tree, and as he leaned back his eyes closed and his arm relaxed. The newspaper that he had been so careful to hold had fallen to the ground and Davie saw a blotch of blood on the right hip of the man's trousers.

IT WAS several seconds before the exhausted man opened his eyes, and when he did look up and found his good Samaritan gazing at the blood spot, he tried to cover it up with his hand.

"Well that's too bad, old man," Davie managed to say. "Little accident, I suppose?"

"Yes," the man faintly nodded. "I—I—caught myself on—a nail."

"No need to worry; I'll help you home. Where do you live?"

"Over—" The man hesitated a moment and then went on: "Say, you look like a decent fellow. I believe you'd help a man out. What's the use of lying—the game's up anyway, I suppose?"

The man was biting his lip and fighting his pain. Davie had taken off his straw hat and was fanning him with it. "It wasn't an accident," he said. "I just shot a man. I—I—killed him, I guess. He gave me this." His hand touched the spot of blood on his trousers.

Davie gulped two or three times. "Killed a man? Do you mean—killed a man?" he repeated questioningly.

"Yes. He was wanting it. He's been wanting it for ten years. He got it to-night. He got what he deserved to-night."

Davie's hands had unconsciously searched through his pockets for papers and tobacco; and now he was mechanically rolling a cigarette.

"And you—killed him?" he asked in a voice filled with awe and horror.

"You'd 'a' done it too—only you'd 'a' done it long ago. You wouldn't 'a' waited ten years like I did." And then came a tale broken by moans, and foul words and angry outbursts and the tender sentiments of a great love. It was a new story to the boy, who listened with sympathy and wonder. And yet it was an old story to the world: the old sad story of a wife pursued and haunted by the follies of her youth. Through ten years of married life the man had hounded her and threatened her, demanding for his silence a blackmail not reckoned in dollars. Coming home that evening, the husband had found him there with her and had shot him. In the fight the husband had received a bullet in his hip. Yet he had fled from the house and boarded the first south-bound car.

The woods at the Hegewisch stop had offered him the best cover. His weakness and the boy's kindness had brought out the story.

For several minutes Davie looked off into space.

Then his mind dropped back to earth. "What you going to do now?" he demanded. "Where you going to hide?"

"Hide?" the man echoed. "That's right! That's right! I'll have to hide. If I don't they'll hang me, won't they? God! if I hadn't killed him! If I'd only shot him and not killed him—it would have given him his lesson, and I could go back. Now I'll have to hide. Do you suppose they're looking for me yet? Do you, boy?"

"Now, not yet," Davie replied. "You're all right for a while, anyway. Now listen, pal; best thing you can do is to lay low in the woods here for a day or two and then beat it for parts unknown. I can help you fix up that hip—I believe it's only a flesh wound anyway—and tend to your feed. In a couple of days you'll be well enough to hit a freight out of here. Hegewisch is only a couple of miles down the road and you can get all kinds of trains out of there."

At his own mention of Hegewisch, Davie was brought

back to the realization of his reportorial duties. The excitement of the past half hour had driven all thoughts of Battling Nelson's story out of his mind. His watch showed 10.30, and he saw that if he caught the out-of-town editions of the morning papers he would have to send the yarn in at once.

"Guess I'd better get you some medicine and something to eat right now," he said. "I'll hustle on in to the village and lay in a supply of 'stuff. Maybe you'd better get back in the woods here a little ways."

HALF carrying his patient, Davie succeeded in getting him comfortably hidden a hundred feet or so back from the road. The fact that he was now a fugitive from justice, who would be hunted and hounded as a murderer, began to weigh heavily on the man.

"I'm a murderer, ain't I?" the man half hysterically whispered; "and they'll hunt me down, won't they?" "Keep your nerve!" commanded Davie. "If you're

(Continued on page 36)

Robin Hood

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



"When I first came I was as young as Miss Aiken—and not bad looking"

give lessons in art. You gotta know something before you come or you better stick to dish washing. . . . Oh, hell! I'll give this to somebody who isn't color blind. Here, Miss Aiken, wash all this off, every bit of it, and do it over again from the start."

MISS AIKEN was the most recent arrival. Country red was still in her cheeks, her hair was yellow and thick, and her face innocent and sweet. She looked sorry at the honor done her, saying: "Oh, but Mr. Bloom, isn't some of this all right? It's so nearly done. I don't feel right to—"

If she had been longer in the gallery, she would never have ventured that. The red sable brushes within hearing of her fresh young voice held their breath in greater awe than they had done when

Updyke's thunder crashed through the timid room. The wet handkerchief and stealthy sobs of Miss Gardiner, who had lost her picture and the twenty-five cents it was worth to her, attracted no attention at all. That was common enough.

"My dear young lady," said Bloom, patting Miss Aiken's shoulder, "you can easily do over all that is done here in half an hour's intelligent work. To keep these mistakes would make delay, and in the end you would probably have to wash it all off after all. No, sir! I've been in the copying and enlarging business as many years as you are old, and my father before me made crayon portraits, free-hand—free-hand, sir—and before the day of solar prints, and so I know, or ought to,

the rudiments of the business."

He picked up three large pasteboards at Miss Aiken's side. The dollar size, they were; not like the little twenty-five cent one which would bring Miss Gardiner nothing now, although she had worked on it all day. And on the margins of Miss Aiken's work he smilingly wrote "O. K." at which some of the girls who had been there longer than Miss Aiken exchanged looks of sinister intelligence. They could remember other faces as fresh as Miss Aiken's, and other unskilled brushes to whom the dollar size and the compliment had been allotted. It was an open secret that Bloom himself went over Miss Aiken's work to bring it up to the standard after he had accepted it, while she, poor girl, was beginning to think herself a prodigy and the equal of Updyke. Some of the red sable brushes drew aside their garments' hem from Miss Aiken, but others were sorry.

UPDYKE did not wait for the closing gong. He rose with a noisy yawn, locked up his materials and unfinished work with a great clatter, and walked smiling down to the street and toward the brightening western sky.

The quiet river reflected the quiet sunset; the faint

"I DON'T want anything of you," scolded Bloom, "but your work."

One hundred small red sable brushes paused like leaves before a storm, while Updyke slowly rose and lengthened like a snake coming out of a basket, until he hung poised over Bloom's squat figure. Bloom grew decidedly pale.

"And I don't want anything of you," the artist thundered, "but your money."

Bloom covered his retreat with a laugh that was like a scared yelp, and strode down the narrow aisle between the easels of the Copying Gallery, pulling his short red "imperial" and avoiding the eyes above the brushes. Updyke stood vertically curved, his long neck craning after Bloom, his glasses reflecting a red gleam from the low sun, until Bloom had traversed the length of the room and was turning into the ladies' aisle. Then Updyke, coiling once more before his easel, resumed his little sable brush.

Bloom paused beside a thin discouraged-looking girl.

"Wash off that Chinese white—makes her look as if she had powder on. You gotta use vermilion over shadows as black as that, not burnt sienna. Haven't I told you that a million times? Now, I ain't here to

green mist of spring was on the trees. He thought of other rivers—the Connecticut and the Rhine, and of his own long ago spring of ambition—of the pictures he had once intended to paint. Alas—alas! the pictures he had intended to paint! Perhaps it was the pleasant odor of the powder but now burnt with Bloom combined with the spring that caused him a sharp twinge of youth—a tingling, as of returning blood to a withered arm. It hurt, yet he did not want it to stop. At least he might walk in its illusion by the river while the new moon and the evening star brightened together. And so he passed the sawmill, smelling the fragrant breath of forests there; then on through a weedy, forsaken path and some willows as far as the bridge. By that time the new moon and the evening star were the chief brightness, though the side of the sky where they hung had not lost its amber depths of far-off light. His spectacles were turned at such a skyey angle that he did not see a woman who was walking slowly in front of him until he had jostled her.

"Oh," said she, dully, as she set her hat right, "It's Mr. Updyke!"

HE heard tears in her voice and brought his spectacles back from their heavenly focus. It was still light enough to see that her eyes were wet.

"You are one of the Gallery Girls," said he, taking off his hat with a manner long strange to him, "but I don't think I know your name."

"I am Emmeline Gardiner," said she; "but—I'm—I'm not a Gallery Girl any more." A poor little smile fought to her lips, and held them an instant like the young soldier who waves a flag dramatically at the top of a fort and is dramatically shot upon the instant. So the smile was at once overwhelmed by a volley of tears.

"There—" said Updyke—"there—there—let's go sit on that pile of lumber by the sawmill, and you tell me all about it."

She was holding both hands tightly to her eyes, so that he must guide her to where the yellow boards shone out of the dusk of the river bank.

"Oh—it's only that the world is so—abominable! You can't do—anything. You've got to eat, you've got to sleep under a roof, and it won't let you! You give everything you have in you just to be able to keep alive. And—you—can't!"

"There—" said Updyke—"there now—there—"

"When I first came I was as young as Miss Aiken—and not bad looking. And he said my work was promising. He said they all averaged from five to ten dollars a week—but—I let him see I didn't like him. He began to pick at me, and I couldn't suit, and—now—he says I just spoil prints, and he can't give me any more work."

"Where is your home?"

"I haven't any."

"Friends?" She shook her head voicelessly.

"Isn't there anything else open to you but this?" Updyke walked back and forth excitedly in front of her while she wept, cowering on the lumber pile.

"I don't know anything about it, but seems to me if I were a girl I'd rather go into domestic service than—it can't be harder than this."

"How can I? I was educated, I was. They kept me at school, and I had piano lessons, and I was graduated from the high school with honors—honors." Her voice clashed with hysterical laughter. "The stage was looped with daisy chains, and we had our diplomas handed to us tied with blue ribbon. Then I studied music and art for two years. I can play 'Poet and Peasant'—and I painted flowers from nature for the county fair. Then my mother died—" She stopped abruptly and, clasping her body, rocked from side to side. "Oh!" she whispered, "I hope she doesn't know! Do you think they do? How awful it would be to be dead, and yet to know—how hard it's going with somebody you love! Domestic service! It's as much as I can do to boil an egg—but I am going to look for a place. I could scrub floors, maybe. No, I wasn't going into the river—to-night. Did you think that? Not to-night. I was just looking at it. If one should

finally come to it, you know, it might make it easier to have thought it all out—to be used to the idea."

"What did you have for dinner?"

"I haven't eaten yet. I've been walking since Mr. Bloom fired me."

"For luncheon?"

"Oh, I had a good lunch."

"What was it?"

"A sardine sandwich."

"And for breakfast?"

"A cup of tea and bread and butter. I never want much breakfast."

finger and put them back. Come to think of it, though, there might be a bottle put by on ice for a party who was expected that evening, but it was getting late and he might not come—they should have it; he might get into trouble, but they should have it.

"Wedding party?" he suggested jovially as he filled a heavy water glass with yellow bubbles, apologizing for being out of wine glasses—had ordered them, he said, last week.

"Hey?" said Updyke crossly.

"Been gettin' married?" queried the proprietor.

"On the way there," said Updyke nonchalantly.

Miss Gardiner turned very pale.

The proprietor withdrew, smirking, and saying that in that case he wouldn't intrude. Updyke cleared his throat, held up his glass, and said:

"Once there was a man named Robin Hood. Heard of him?"

Miss Gardiner laughed nervously.

"And a girl they called Maid Marian—"

She admitted, looking scared, that she had heard that name, too.

"They didn't like the way things were going. They didn't see where they came in on the existing order of things, so they cleared out and got up another scheme all their own. I've always understood it worked pretty well."

MISS GARDINER said nothing. Most of the little vegetable dishes in front of her were empty. She gripped one thin hand about her glass of champagne and stared out the window. There were mountains to be seen over the town, wooded and blue. That was where the lumber came from, making some of the townspeople so very rich.

"Robin Hood and Maid Marian," said Updyke, still in his easy, casual tone, "worked in a sweatshop. They had forgotten the trick of living; at least Robin Hood had forgotten. I suspect Maid Marian never knew. But he knew it once, or thought he did, until a few things happened: matters of death and treachery and sickness—never mind details—that made him stop caring about painting real pictures. He found that he could work in the sweatshop as fast as a dozen men and women better than himself who hadn't studied the things he had studied. He could work at that with one hand and keep nearly all his brain for thinking about his troubles. So he got into the habit of it, somehow, and stayed at it long after he might have been up and about like other men, just as you'll have heard of people who are ill for years because they don't know they're

well, and stay on and on until a fire comes, and then they walk out as lively as ever.

"His fire came when he found Maid Marian crying because she had lost her job and was afraid the river might be wet and cold. And he knew that Maid Marian wanted to live, and so did he. But he hadn't any money saved up as he should have had, and I'm afraid the time's gone by for painting those pictures—for the present. So he remembered how, about a thousand years ago, another Robin Hood and Maid Marian had gone into the forest and lived there for years and years on venison and fish and berries—and he thought it might be done again."

"But—"

"If you're an outlaw you kill game in any season. He used to be a good shot, Robin Hood did," said Updyke thoughtfully. "Squirrel pie is very nice. Besides, if you're an outlaw and there's positively no other way of getting something to eat, you know where other people's chicken roosts are, and orchards, and potato fields, and cornfields, and melon patches that careful and provident people have planted. And in winter you keep warm by fires—such fires!"

"You go to a far place in the woods. And first you find a hunter's cabin and live there a little while until you can build your own. And if they find you and drive you out, you go on deeper and farther and build another. And after a while you get strong and hard so that if you want

(Concluded on page 36)



Among the great trees there was almost midnight blackness, and the slippery trail was netted with snaky roots, under which you could hear the rush of dangerous brooks

"Let's go and have some dinner. It was because I licked Bloom that he licked you. He had to do for somebody, I suppose. Let's have some roast beef at the hotel. Let's have lots of it."

"Oh, dear—oh, I can't let you do that! I'm not broke. I've got two dollars right here—if only my room rent weren't due. But you must let me pay my share."

"Shucks! Come on."

A SPECKLED card braced against a speckled bottle of Worcestershire sauce attracted Updyke's eye. He read it carefully. "Shall we have claret?" said he nonchalantly, "or do you like sauterne?" Miss Gardiner gave a frightened laugh. "What is sauterne?"

"How about champagne, though?" he muttered. "I suppose—mm—you'd like it sweet, I dare say."

As if his touching the wine card had been the pressing of a button, the proprietor himself approached, trying to cover his troubled surprise with a smile of conciliatory respect. Wine cards were hardly suggested by Updyke's tattered elbows and Miss Gardiner's hat. And champagne! He feared they were just out now. Updyke absent-mindedly drew a roll of bills from his pocket, ran them over with a long fore-



Oxyfakery

The Tin-Can Sure-Cure School

By Samuel Hopkins Adams



PATENT medicines change. Old ones pass. New ones arise. Many alter their formulas in the attempt to evade drug laws or befool the slowly educated public. The one unalterable quality of the trade is quackery. Fraud and secrecy are its vital principles, just as they were before the enactment of the Pure Food Law. Printer's ink is still the one essential ingredient common to all the profitable cure-alls. In the series which begins with this article Mr. Adams will point out by what methods the newer fake remedies have established themselves and the older ones are still precariously maintaining their status; the nature of the gradually dissolving partnership between journalism and the quack medical trade; and, finally, the impending legislative and commercial reforms which threaten eventually to make a clean sweep of the Great American Fraud.

KNOCK one fraud on the head and another will rise up to profit by its downfall. Patent medicines and drug cure-alls having come under general suspicion, there now advances into the limelight of publicity a cult of quackery which denounces all forms of drugging and exploits itself as the one inspired regenerator of a falling age. Oxygen is its watchword, just as ozone was that of the famous Liquezone fake.

Its latest and most widely advertised form is the Oxypathor.

The Oxypathor is a sort of glorified tin can. Each of its ornamental ends is wired, the wires extending to a pair of padded metal disks. These disks are clamped upon the patient, who then sits down and waits to be cured.

That is all there is to it except the price of \$35, which makes it perhaps the most expensive form of getting nothing for something at present in the field of quackery. To the science of foisting this box of bunko upon the credulous its practitioners have given the bombastic name of Oxypathy.

"Don't Be a Slave to Disease and Drugs," advertises the Oxypathor Company. "Get Our Free Book of Secrets of the Drug System."

We Introduce the Oxypathor

FOLLOWING this lure I wrote, and in course of time received a pamphlet entitled "Oxypathy, Nature's Royal Road to Health." After painfully floundering through seventy-two pages of mendacity more or less concealed in a fog of meaningless words, I finally emerged with one defined impression: that by a process mystically termed "thermal diamagnetism," set up by the \$35 machine, I could get myself pumped so full of oxygen through the skin that any disease formerly occupying the premises would vacate without protest; and that I could then be speedily and safely cured:

(a) If a man—of rheumatism, pleurisy, typhoid, pneumonia, blood poisoning, insanity, tonsillitis, Bright's disease, paralysis, hay fever, asthma, eczema, gallstones, ulceration of the stomach and bowels, appendicitis, and other ills.

(b) If a woman—of the foregoing, and also of puerperal insanity, headaches, nervousness, and various female troubles.

(c) If a child—of convulsions, diphtheria, St. Vitus's dance, infantile paralysis, croup, blood disorders, stomach troubles, and fevers.

(d) If a cow—of Texas and milk fever.

(e) If a horse—of blood poisoning and kidney trouble.

Rheumatism is one of the diseases for the cure

of which Oxypathy holds out specially alluring promises. So I called at the headquarters of the Oxypathor Company in Buffalo, N. Y., with a suddenly developed case of rheumatic pains. There I was received by the manager and two assistants. I submitted my case to them and, turn and turn about, the trio sounded the praises of the Oxypathor. Solemnly they warned me against body-and-soul-destroying drugs.

They threw out hair-raising hints about the crimes of the medical profession. They pressed upon me literature "exposing" the doctors. An Oxypathor, they assured me, was the sure way of salvation. It cost but little, and its happy possessor was practically protected for the rest of his life. In fact, from



"Are the wires purely ornamental?" "They change the polarity of the human body." "What's that?" This question was a waste of time

their representations, it was difficult to see how an Oxypathist could make out to die at all. But rheumatism was my theme. Would it cure rheumatism?

"Look at our testimonials. Some of our greatest successes have been rheumatic cases."

"What's the process of cure?"

"You simply affix the disks to the affected—"

"Yes, I understand that. But what is the action of the thing?"

"Thermal diamagnetism," said the manager, in a sort of reverential chant.

"Then it's magnetic?"

"No, it ain't magnetic at all," put in one of the assistants hastily.

"What are the wires for, then?"

"To carry the current."

"An electrical current?"

"No electricity to it. It ain't a battery."

"Are the wires purely ornamental?"

"They change the polarity of the human body."

"What's that?"

This question was a waste of time; a good deal of time, in fact. All three explained polarity, with the result not only of increasing my ignorance of it, but also of exposing their own. They then shifted to "positivity." The Oxypathor, they expounded, increased the positivity of the body.

"With what result?"

"It causes it to absorb oxygen in great quantities at the point of contact."

"Through the skin?"

"Certainly. It breathes it in."

Now the human skin can no more be stimulated to absorb oxygen than it can to inhale a beefsteak. Passing this by, I inquired:

"In that way it will cure my rheumatism?"

"Yes. Disease cannot exist where there is a full supply of oxygen. That is admitted by all scientists. It's a scientific fact. It's as sure as breathing."

"Then if your machine doesn't help me, I can get my money back?"

Immediately I felt a marked change in the atmosphere. Perhaps its polarity had

changed. Or maybe, my positivity had been ill timed. Anyway, the manager and his aids gave me the impression of being grieved by my lack of confidence. They didn't guarantee, they said haughtily. Why they didn't guarantee, in view of the absolute certainty of cure, as advertised, I could not quite make out; some ethical principle involved, possibly. It ended by my purchasing an Oxypathor. Before I left, the three exhibited to me separately a testimonial photograph, recently received, of a "cured" patient, the picture showing a hideously scarred face. The manager explained that it was a bad case of eczema. According to the first assistant, the disease was "epythillimer" (epithelioma?), while the second assistant, a lady, told me that it was "a bad attack of blood disease cured by the Oxypathor in three days. Ain't that grand!" In the matter of diagnosis the Oxypathor office shows a lack of team work.

The Laboratory Reports

MY \$35 tin-can cure-all I sent to the Lederle Laboratories for analysis and report. The report was brief and decisive. The cylinder, the Lederle experts found, was filled with inert substances, wholly impotent to produce any effect upon the human body. "We can ascribe no other reason for a conglomeration of this character," they report, "except that it may be an endeavor on the part of the manufacturers to concoct a mixture which would offer more or less difficulty in analysis." No current is produced. There is no magnetic or electrical effect. The machine is totally incapable of altering the "polarity" or "positivity" of the human body or of causing it to absorb oxygen.

In brief, plain terms, within the limits of judicial fairness and the law of libel, the Oxypathor is a fake, pure and simple.

On two points, at least, of their advertising the promoters are definitely worse than fakers; they inveigh against the use of the surgeon's knife in appendicitis and of antitoxin in diphtheria, stating that their fraud machine is "a perfect, safe, and positive cure for appendicitis . . . the first failure has yet to be recorded," and that "diphtheria finds its supreme master in the Oxypathor." If any man or woman with curable appendicitis shall have been withheld, until it was too late, from the operating table; if any child with diphtheria, who was "treated" by the Oxypathor instead of with the saving antitoxin, shall have died of the disease: there is blood on the hands of every man who touches a dollar of the profits of this quackery.

Simply because a treatment is "harmless" it does not follow that it is not murderous. The lie may be the deadliest of poisons.

There is nothing original about the Oxypathor except the terms in which the fraud is advertised. The Oxydonor, devised by a notorious quack, Dr. Hercules Sanche, whose catchword was "diaduction," worked on the same principle, or lack of principle. The higher courts have declared this

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The World's New Marvels

Multiplying Human Power

YEAR by year more and more of the work of the world is taken up by machinery. In a bulletin recently issued by the Government it is estimated that four and one-half million factory workers in the United States turn out a product equal to the hand labor of forty-five million men. This means that in the factories 90 per cent of the work is done by machinery. A very large part of this machinery is driven by steam power, which means largely coal power, and both the getting and burning of this coal involves a terrible waste. In the United States alone the production of coal now reaches nearly half a billion tons; and in the whole world far above a billion tons. And it is estimated that this means the actual mining of half again as much coal. One-third is lost or left in the mines in such shape that it cannot be used.

Then of this net production—the two-thirds remaining—perhaps 90 per cent is lost in the burning. At least, this is true of the coal used in engines. Even the finest quadruple-expansion engines, with all the modern devices of superheated steam and the like to augment their capacity, do not utilize more than 14 per cent of the energy stored in the coal, while the average steam engine of commercial use does not get more than 6 or 7 per cent. In other words, it is only about 3 per cent of the chained-up sunlight in the ground that eventually becomes available for human needs.

And, further than this, the mere hauling and handling and storage and distribution of this coal costs the United States alone probably a full billion of dollars. The coal traffic is indeed the chief item of railway transportation. From all this it is sufficiently clear why the problem of utilizing coal energy has so deeply engaged the minds of inventors and engineers; and why even a relatively small gain would mean so much to the human race.

Simplicity of Diesel's High-Power Engine

BY FAR the greatest advance is represented by the gas engines, in which, by first turning the coal into gas and then exploding this in the motors, more than double the amount of energy now becomes available. In the best type of gas engines the yield rises as high as 25 per cent; and in Germany the residual products from turning the coal into gas far more than pay the cost of doing this, so that the gain is clear. But all this is commercially feasible only in the great manufacturing centers and the cities, and, in consequence of this, the gas engine, in spite of the great saving it achieves, has had but a restricted field.

For quite other reasons the same is true of the gasoline, benzine, and similar motors such as are used in automobiles. Here the price of petrol is for commercial purposes almost prohibitive, and has become increasingly so with the enormous extension in the use of motor cars. By far the most notable gain is represented by the invention of Dr. Rudolf Diesel, the German engineer whose mysterious death excited so deep an interest not long ago. Although Dr. Diesel made a large fortune from the sale of his patents, and later lost it, the Diesel motor has thus far had but slight development outside of Germany, and even there its progress has been slow.

It is now twenty years since Dr. Diesel published the first sketch of his remarkable theory and of the motor which was to realize his idea. The latter was simplicity itself. Every schoolboy knows that if you compress air very sharply it becomes hot and can be used to explode powder, etc., in a tube. Dr. Diesel's plan was to use the stroke of the piston to compress a considerable volume of air into a very small space,

so as to put it under a very high pressure; and at the instant the pressure reached a maximum, to force into this chamber a jet of vaporized oil. The compression was to be so high that the air would instantly ignite the oil and burn it under highly favorable conditions. It was to be a true burning, and not an

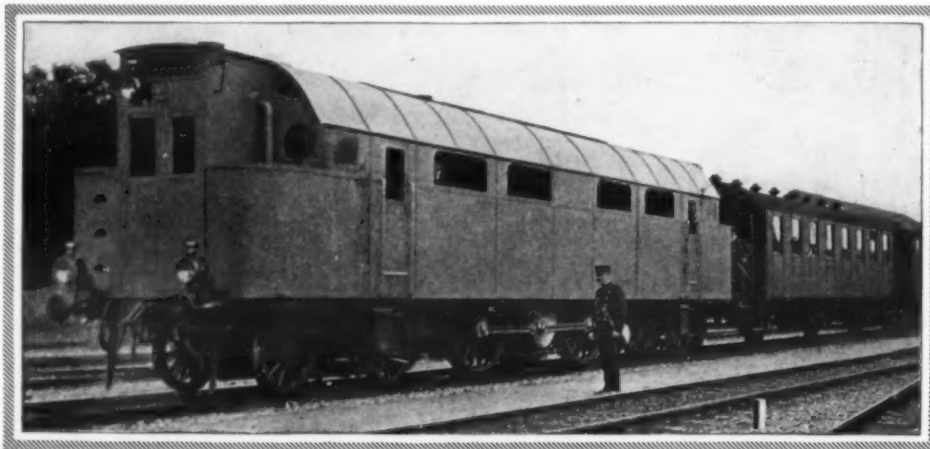
By Carl Snyder



Dr. Rudolf Diesel, the inventor of an engine that may realize Oscar Wilde's dream of making machines our slaves

explosion, as in the ordinary gasoline motor of the automobiles. His idea was taken up by some of the engine works in Germany, but it required a full four years to perfect a commercial device. The superiority of the new motor was evident from the first. Actually it realized a full third of the theoretical heat energy of the oil, and this latter did not need to be gasoline or other expensive essence, but could be ordinary crude oil, such as is now coming into wide use. The device was self-igniting, required no auxiliary system and little or no attention.

It was early found, however, that the new motor had to be made with exceptional care, and that, therefore, its initial cost was not low. At the time of its



A Diesel locomotive, which burns oil with five times the efficiency of a steam locomotive—it is the cheapest motive power thus far discovered

Introduction crude oil had obtained no such vogue as now, and this explains, no doubt, why it is that, in spite of the great economies it achieves, the Diesel motor is only now becoming widely known.

The Way to Power without Cost

IN GERMANY, at the current price of crude oil, the Diesel motor produces power at from a quarter to a half cent per horsepower hour. In the United States the cost is rather less. This is far beyond the economy of any other form of engine, and four or five times cheaper than the ordinary steam engine. Its only concurrent is water power, and water power is not everywhere available, and often requires a heavy outlay that it may be utilized. Crude oil may be shipped and stored much more easily than coal, and the supply, although not inexhaustible, is very large and very widely distributed over the earth.

It is already evident that the Diesel motor will largely displace steam upon the seas, not merely because it realizes three or four times the power from the amount or volume of fuel, but because it only

occupies about a quarter of the space required for a steam engine and its boilers. It goes without saying that it is especially adapted for submarines. It has not yet been successfully introduced on railway locomotives, but experiments looking to that end had been under way for some time prior to Dr. Diesel's death.

The escaping hot gas from the Diesel motor can be employed for heating, and the by-products which can be obtained from it after this will, it is estimated, under proper conditions, more than cover the cost of the original fuel, so that the Diesel motor promises to rival the waterfall in future as a producer of the world's power. Like the waterfall, it will, under the most favorable conditions, mean that the expense will be simply the fixed charges of the plant and the cost of maintenance.

Indeed so rapid is the development of the crude-oil and coal-tar industry that it is not impossible that the running of a Diesel motor may become a source of profit sufficient to cover all charges, so that it will actually mean power without cost! Consider what all this will mean when at no distant day nine-tenths of the work of the world will be done by the steel slaves.

What Makes for "Brains"?

IT HAS long been known, of course, that there is a certain rough relationship between the size of the brain and intelligence; and, still further, between brain surface and intelligence; but both of these facts are complicated in a variety of ways. As, for example, there is a rough relationship between the size and weight of the brain and the weight of the body, so that, for example, the largest animal that lives (or ever has lived), the whale, has also the largest and heaviest brain.

There is a much closer relation between what is called the cerebral index and intelligence; this "index" is simply the weight of the brain divided by the weight of the body. Roughly, the higher the index the more an animal knows and is able to do. In the same way it has long been known that a deeply furrowed or "convoluted" brain, as the anatomists say, has a much higher capacity than a smooth brain. The brain of an idiot, compared with that of a Webster or a Newton, is quite smooth and little furrowed. From this it is possible to judge an animal's capabilities by mere inspection of the cortex or brain rind.

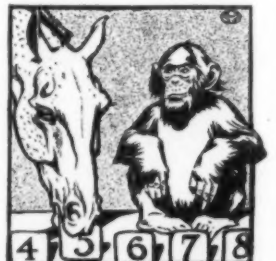
And this index is of much greater value than was formerly supposed. Thus it was early found that the brains of horses were fairly heavy and also very considerably furrowed. For example, the brain weight of the larger horses, around six hundred grams, is very considerably greater than that of the chimpanzee, the orang, or even the large gorilla. But, on the other hand, it was supposed that the higher apes stood intellectually higher than horses. There is some reason to believe that this is a mistake. The Elberfeld horses, for example, which apparently do cube root and such things without aid, show a grade of intelligence in some ways higher than any apes have yet disclosed.

As a step closer to an index of intelligence, attempts have been made to estimate the volume of the brain rind, or cortex; that is, to measure not merely its surface but its thickness as well. This is far more accurate than any measurement of mere surface or weight, and comparisons made on this basis seem to tally very well with what we actually know of the animals concerned.

Thus, for example, it has been found that this cortex volume in the orang is about five times greater than that of the little cebus monkey; and, in turn, the volume of the human cortex is, roughly speaking, about five times as great as that of the orang. But more attentive study, namely that with the microscope, has revealed another and even more striking and curious difference—that is, cell density.

Everyone knows, of course, that the brain and the nervous system, like the body itself, are made up of microscopic units, which were very

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Tales of the Gridiron

By Kingsley Moses

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FORTY men sat around a great table one night recently in Jack's restaurant in New York, shaping football of to-day and the future, and telling the semiconfidential history of football of the past. They were the Solons of the game, each representing the college or university where he had helped so well to make the game in reality that he had been designated as one of the theoretical guides.

It was a picturesque assemblage amid a setting of the gay, fervid, after-midnight life of the metropolis; an assemblage of big men, some au fait and groomed to a point, some rugged and square hewn, but all men with jaws, eyes of purpose and laughing mouths. The table was littered with matches, lumps of sugar, pipes, cigarette boxes, etc., all laid out in forms of gridiron strategy, each design the center of a lively controversy.

The telling of old untold tales came about most naturally. There was a host of them, but I have taken these, herewith presented for the very joy of the nature of them.

TOO MUCH BICKHAM

PRINCETON has always run long on families in athletics, the leading example of the peculiarity being the famous Poe family, the members of which are responsible for more football victories than any other factor at the New Jersey seat that produced the first college president big enough to fill the big chair in the White House. One of the families is the celebrated Bickham tribe of Dayton. First came Bill, who played most any position in the old days when the game was spread out like a polo match; then Abe, who was a rough-boned forward in the days of no pads; then eagle-faced, blond-headed Dan, who was one of the great drop-kicking full backs, and as a pitcher used to spit the boards of the old-style backstop with his awful speed. Last in sequence before young Bill, who is just showing, was giant Charlie Bickham, one of the greatest tackles of orange-and-black history.

On the occasion of a Yale-Princeton game at Yale, with a championship dependent, Frank Butterworth of Yale went to the New Haven house to take quarters for a party of friends coming to the game.

"You can have the rooms if a gentleman from the West does not reach the house by noon," said the manager.

When Butterworth's friends arrived, he took them to the hotel, confident of accommodations. Just as they were about to go up, a veritable family reunion trooped in.

"Sorry," said the clerk, "but this is the party of the gentleman from the West now."

Before he turned away, Butterworth saw the leader of the Princeton host write on the register: "William Denison Bickham."

Finally, when he had crowded his friends into a boarding house, he borrowed a bicycle and made a dash for his own quarters.

Rounding a corner, he tried to steer between two men just leaving the sidewalk. He plumped into the younger of the two, and together they rolled in the dust.

As Butterworth got up, he recognized the older man as General Corbin, late head of the army.

"Hello! Frank, this is too bad," said the general. "Sorry you fellows should be introduced this way. Wipe that blood off your nose and shake hands with my nephew, Abe Bickham."

A few minutes before the game was called, Butterworth was hailed by his father from the stand, where he stood with a stocky man wearing Princeton colors.

"Oh, Frank, this gentleman offers two to one on the game. Want a piece of it?"

"All right, dad, half with you up to a thousand."

The game went on, and in the second half, when Princeton had the upper

hand, Butterworth drove through left tackle, and, by shaking off two tacklers, broke free and started down the field. He straight-armed the quarter back, and had a chance to tie the score. But cutting across the field, like a yellow-headed rocket, came a big youngster, who drove straight for the runner's hips and brought him down with a stunning fall. The ball flew away, and the Princeton end got it and was downed.

As Butterworth's swimming head cleared, he said to Paul Dashiell, who was bending over:

"Holy Smoke, who did that to me?" "Chuck Bickham," said Dashiell, and wondered why Butterworth got mad and got up so quickly.

After the game, his father came around, trying to look cheerful.

"Too bad, Frankie, too bad. But it was a good game. And you should not mind losing a little money to as square a sport as that."

"Who was he?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"I do not."

"Why, that was Honest Dan Bickham."

"Speaking of the Indians," volunteered big Joe Beacham, now a captain in the United States Army, and Cornell representative on the Rules Committee, "you remember that old 'hide-the-ball' trick those red boys pulled off up at Harvard? It was back in 1903, that year when the Indians had a whale of a team. There was only about a minute to play, and it was very dark when Harvard kicked off. The ball went low in the shadow of the stands and little Mount Pleasant caught it and swerved in behind his interference. The Harvard players swooped down, smashed the interference, and tackled Mount Pleasant—and Mount Pleasant didn't have the ball. But far up the field Big Dillon, the full back, was trotting behind the Harvard goal post, and when they got to him he was sitting on the ball, grinning. He'd simply switched in front of Mount Pleasant and the ball had been tucked up the back of his loose jersey."

ECKERSALL AS A DODGER

"**S**PEAKING of funny plays," broke in a Western official, "some of you have seen Walter Eckersall at his best, and you know what a slippery eel he



Far up the field Big Dillon, the full back, was trotting behind the Harvard goal post. The ball had been tucked up the back of his jersey

was. Well, one day after regular practice, he was feeling fine, so he took the ball in the middle of the field and bet as that eleven men couldn't catch him in ten minutes. Well, sir, that shifty rascal doubled and twisted and squirmed and wriggled all over the gridiron, and we couldn't lay hands on him to save our necks. One big Dutchman who'd been playing guard, Joe Schwartz, I think his name was, panted round after Walter for about seven minutes and then sank down on the ground.

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked the coach, "all in?" "Naw," grunted Joe. "He runs round me so fast he makes me dizzy."

A CONVERT TO PEACE

"**S**PEAKING of the Indians reminds me of Jim Thorpe," said Mike Thompson. "I was working that Pittsburgh-Indian game, when Thorpe, running low with the ball, got swiped square on the side of the face with the cleats of a shoe. It looked as if it had taken about half his face off, too. Thorpe didn't say anything as he got up, just swabbed his face with a sponge." (Concluded on page 26)

Champion Priming Plugs



Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.

New steel needle valve hardened and ground to a perfect compression tight seal. Steel cone-lock washer holds valve securely against vibration.

Sure Starters For Cold Cylinders

Low grade fuel won't give you any trouble if you have these priming plugs.

They will start your motor—on the coldest, rawest day—with one quarter turn.

You can run your car or motorcycle any day and every day, without any winter starting nuisance.

To do that you must—of course—prime your cylinder. Our way is the easiest and surest way.

Champion Priming Plugs give you a rich gas right at the firing points—then shoot a sizzling hot spark into it. They do what ordinary priming cups can't do: bring the gas and the spark together.

They are necessities on the hundreds of thousands of cars that have not priming cups. They are worth many times their cost on cars that have priming cups as well.

You are not taking any chances on the **Champion**, judged solely as a **spark plug**.

There are no better spark plugs made. They are factory equipment for three-fourths of all the cars made in America.

Champion Priming Plugs are guaranteed absolutely as perfect spark plugs and prime-ers.

See that the name "**Champion**" is on the porcelain.

Sold everywhere at \$1.25 each. If your dealer is not yet supplied, use the coupon and send us \$5 in any safe form, for a set of four **Champion Priming Plugs**, prepaid.

They are made in a special size for motorcycles. Disregard the coupon when ordering them for that purpose. Send the name of your motorcycle with your remittance.

Champion Spark
201 Avondale Ave.



Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio
Herewith find \$5 remittance for which send me four **Champion Priming Plugs**, prepaid.

My car is a _____ of the year _____

Address _____

My regular dealer is _____



The Vision of a Dreamer Come True

"The man who says anything is impossible is interrupted by someone doing it."

THE dollar watch was the "vision of a dreamer," until Robert H. Ingersoll crystallized the idea into an accurate and reliable timepiece.

He sold it for a dollar because he wanted to sell millions instead of millionaires. He packed so much value, quality, dependability of service into that dollar watch that BOTH millions and millionaires wear Ingersolls—and are proud of it.

Thirty-three million wearers prove the soundness of his judgment and the time-keeping qualities of the Ingersoll.

The five leading Ingersoll models are:

- "The Watch that made the Dollar famous" . . . \$1.00
- The Eclipse, thin model for men . . . 1.50
- The Junior, medium size thin model . . . 2.00
- The Midget, model for ladies and girls . . . 2.00
- The Wrist Watch . . . 2.50

Send for Booklet

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
58 Ashland Bldg., New York City

The Confidence Builders

By Lewis B. Allyn

"WHEN you're an anvil, hold you still. When you're a hammer, strike your fill." No enterprise worth the name was ever successful if it could not stand a few hard knocks. If it acted the anvil part well it arrived at the hammer stage in due time. This is the law of human progress.

Two young men out in New York State, years ago, conceived the idea of curing ham and bacon in a good old-fashioned way. They smoked them in incense rising from beech chips under a barrel and then they sliced this ham and bacon with a carving knife, tied it up into small, neat packages and sold it to the neighbors. The neighbors demanded more, so they took the proceeds of their sales, purchased two hams and two pieces of bacon. These were smoked and sliced as before, and the boys had the ends for their supper. In a very short time they had money enough to purchase a few hundred pounds of ham, and it is said they sat for half a day in the freight house awaiting its arrival with breathless anxiety, for this purchase was to them a speculation of great importance. The wise men of the town shook their venerable locks and made unkind remarks about the boys who "traded one-eyed horses for blind ones." Others said the first mistake in the business was going into it. The assertion that a pair of good ears will drain a hundred tongues was thoroughly proved, for the boys went right on and to-day their products are known all over our country. Their ham and bacon, though no longer sliced with the kitchen knife, is still clean, appetizing and healthful. They had faith in their plan; listened to the anvil chorus (or, was it the chorus of the frogs?) and in the fullness of time were able to deliver sledge-hammer blows for the purity of food products. The Beechnut idea as worked out at Canajoharie, the place of the "Boiling Pot," though in the face of opposition, framed its own pure-food laws, a code more strict than that of any State or nation. This simple tale shows that, to succeed, a movement must have the faith of the promoters and the trust of the public. So true is this that one may well reverse the familiar "Faith without works is dead" to "Works without faith are extinct."

A WISE MOVEMENT

MANY a thrifty housewife and many a thoughtful man has held the opinion that canned foods were highly adulterated, poorly and filthily packed, and otherwise unfit for human consumption. "Eat canned foods!" said a prominent club woman; "we would sooner die." Another purchaser said: "We don't use them as they are full of dope." These expressions voice, perhaps in an exaggerated way, a popular fallacy. The great majority of canned foods on the American market are worthy products. They are clean, else they would not keep without antiseptics, and these latter are not employed. In fact, nothing is required but sugar, salt, and heat.

The National Canners' Association was organized to further the interests of American canned foods; to build up public confidence which the goods merit; to protect and instruct the packers and to nail various lies which from time to time circulate about this business as they will circulate about any other great enterprise. The association is the canners' hammer, and mighty are the strokes it makes. The organization is complete and efficient. It comprises the Bureau of Publicity, which investigates cases having a bearing upon the healthfulness of canned foods, keeping the manufacturers informed of results. From time to time, says the association, statements appear in the press with reference to



canned foods, which, unless explained or contradicted, are calculated to seriously injure the industry. The same is true of matters given publicity through other means, such as the comic cartoons and exhibition of moving pictures.

AMERICAN CANNED GOODS PURE

THE work undertaken by the Bureau of Publicity to correct unwarranted statements and to remove impressions however created is steadily progressing, and in all about 250 such matters have received attention to date. These are generally the product of excessive zeal unmixed with malice and rapidly yield to proper treatment.

As a result of this work the innocence of canned foods has been uniformly established, and in most cases proper retractions have been published. This work is undoubtedly of the utmost importance to the industry.

The following appeared in an Illinois paper:

ATE CANNED FOOD ONE DEAD, SIX ILL

Roy Ray, thirty-eight years of age, died at his home in Virginia, Ill., following a very brief illness with ptomaine poisoning, as a result of eating canned food. The widow and six children are critically ill. An investigation will result.

Investigation by the committee showed that typhoid fever and not ptomaine poisoning was the cause of the illness. "All of the family (says the attending physician) were ill with typhoid fever and at no time were any of my patients ill with ptomaine poisoning." The trained nurse in attendance said that one only had to look at the well water and drainage to know the cause of the illness of this family. It is also stated that this case is similar to over a hundred and fifty others that the association has investigated during the past two years, blaming canned foods for the cause of illness, and in no instance have they found a single true one.

In no instance, says Dr. Bigelow, has ptomaine poisoning been traced to or proved to be caused by canned foods. There is also on record no instance of poisoning by salts of tin from canned goods.

The second part of the association is the Bureau of Adjustment and Legal Department, which interprets food laws and Federal decisions, criticizes labels for the members, and gives information concerning food legislation in various States.

The third part of the association is the Bureau of Scientific Research. This, under the direction of Dr. W. D. Bigelow as chief chemist, and Dr. A. W. Biting as chief bacteriologist, attempts to solve chemical problems and technical questions relative to the canning industry.

The association works on the principle that every can of poor food that goes out hurts the industry. Considering the millions of cans of prepared food, it is surprising that one does not find more samples unfit to eat. Such an occur-

rence, however, is rare. This association is opposed to the use of chemicals, dyes, and drugs, and teaches canners to beware of them, for a good name is a good advertisement, and a bad name is a bad advertisement. Packers are taught that extravagant claims on labels, or concerning their goods, are really detrimental to their own interests. Plain, simple statements, like simplicity in art, are most effective. The "gingerbread frills" are no longer in good form.

About 40 per cent of the canners, representing from 70 to 80 per cent of the total pack in the United States, are members of this association. For several years past the public has known of the pure-food movement as originating among and promulgated by consumers for their own protection. It will be a surprise to many to learn of this strong pure-food force originating in and fostered by the producers themselves.

The problem thus sanely approached from two different sides must eventually be solved to the advantage of both. At least it is reassuring to find an organization of food producers working in evident harmony to better themselves by bettering their product.

The canning industry has acted the anvil part for many a year, during which time it has received many knocks—some richly deserved, while others have been the blows of ignorance and prejudice. The National Canners' Association is now the hammer of the industry, and is striking effectively for better conditions and better appreciation.

MORE PROTECTION FOR THE CONSUMER

THE personnel of the company of confidence builders would be quite incomplete without the court. Disputes frequently arise which must be settled by some legal process. The recent decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting at Chicago, illustrates a case in point.

In 1907 the State of Indiana passed a statute whereby a person selling food products containing benzoate of soda is liable to criminal prosecution. It was held that this preservative was poisonous or deleterious to health, and its use was accordingly forbidden in food products.

The Curtice Brothers, preservers and users of benzoate of soda, took the case to the Federal courts and attempted to get an injunction against the State food officials, restraining them from interfering with the sale of their catchup and pickles containing benzoate of soda. After volumes of evidence had been submitted, the court refused to grant the injunction, and the case was appealed. Thus it came about that the Federal Court of Appeals handed down an opinion in the case of the Curtice Brothers vs. Harry E. Barnard and other members of the State Board of Health, favorable to the latter and against the users of the preservative. The decision is of tremendous significance, as it shows that a State Board of Health may frame its own laws for the protection of its own people even though such a law may run counter to the Federal act. It further shows that a firm of food producers who use a chemical antiseptic in their product cannot have a free hand in selling the same. The rights of the people must be first considered.

TEXT FROM OPINION

THE opinion of the Appellate Court, as delivered by Judge C. C. Kohl-saat, is of interest:

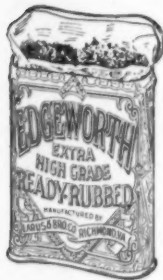
"From the evidence and the master's report thereon, it is evident the question of the harmlessness of benzoate of soda is as yet an open question in the scientific world. While the voluminous record of this case deals largely with that question, it is a question of fact. The finding of fact of the master may

The man with 15 pipes and what he said—

A man who owns fifteen different styles of pipes and keeps them hanging on a carved rack in his home asked us a question the other day. He said:

"I have been smoking pipes since the year Ruth Cleveland was born in the White House. I've smoked from sack, jar, tin and box; I have smoked long green right from the warehouse and I have turned my coat pocket wrong side out and smoked the nameless blend that gathers there. But Edgeworth carries for me a kind of satisfaction that keeps it my favorite year after year.

"Why don't you give away a few thousand dollars' worth of it? Get it into the hands of the smoker—don't pass it out to him at ball games and county fairs and conventions when his mind is on something else, but invite him to ask for a sample package. You'll never regret it and the fellow who tries Edgeworth in his pipe once or twice is going to be as well pleased with it as I am."



Well, it was a question *which* to sample, for Edgeworth, made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground, comes both in the Sliced Plug and in the Ready-Rubbed.

Finally, we decided on sending out Ready-Rubbed and all you have to do to find out what Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is like is to send us a post card and tell us to send your package along.

The idea of your asking for this free package is not that you get so much tobacco without paying anything for it, but that you find out what Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is like, so that, like our friend whose words we quote above, it will be your favorite. If you let us know your dealer's name we will then be able to arrange for you to keep supplied thereafter by him.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

Xmas 1913

Shirley President Suspenders

50¢

"A pair for every suit" makes a man's whole year merry—saves time and temper every day. Try it and see! Choice of 12 beautifully designed gift boxes. At stores or post-paid, 50c.

"Satisfaction or money back" Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckle. The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

Money Saved OR MADE. Print Your Own Cards, Circulars, Book, Newspaper, Press 5c. Larger size, Rotary 10c. Saves money. Print for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for Press catalog, TYPE, Cards, Paper, Outfits, Sample-printing. THE PRESSCO., Meriden, Conn.

not, in the absence of convincing evidence to the contrary, be set aside. To show that the report is erroneous and not justified by the evidence, the burden rests upon the appellant. That burden is not convincingly sustained by the record. It was within the power of the Indiana Legislature to prohibit the use of benzoate of soda in the preparation of foods."

Great credit is due any State Board of Health which works unreservedly in the people's behalf. The fight has been long and severe, but surely justice has triumphed.

Many signs point unerringly to a time of better foods. Continual vigilance, agitation, common sense, courage, and fair play are important requisites.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 W. 13th St., New York City

More Concerning Vanillin and Coumarin

In your comment on a tube of vanilla flavor, in the issue of COLIER'S for October 11, we note your remark that vanillin and coumarin are coal-tar products.

While we are in no way interested in the flavor which was submitted to you, we do use vanillin and coumarin, and it is news to us that they are coal-tar products.

If it is a fact that these are coal-tar products, we certainly want to know it, for we do not want to mislead any of our customers—much less mislead ourselves—especially in view of the fact that we aim to establish in a national way the reputation we have built in a smaller field for honesty of purpose and reliability of product.

We shall appreciate very highly any light you may furnish.—J. M. P. Company, New York.

A great many of the so-called vanilla extracts, vanilla substitutes or compounds contain no extract of the vanilla or of the tonka bean. They are almost always diluted solutions of vanillin and coumarin, colored with burnt sugar to give them appearance of strength. Vanillin is the flavoring principle of the vanilla bean, and is made synthetically by treating the ether guaiacol with chloroform and caustic soda. Guaiacol is a derivative of ortho-chlor-phenol, or ortho-phenol-sulphonic acid, which in turn is a derivative of the phenols or hydroxyl derivatives of benzene; this latter obtained from coal tar. Thus you may trace the origin of vanillin to coal tar.

President J. F. Queeny of the Monsanto Chemical Works, St. Louis, Mo., says, concerning the domestic supply: "Vanillin is not a coal-tar product. Every ounce of vanillin produced in this country is derived from cloves." He probably refers to the very common method of producing this flavoring compound by oxidizing eugenol of clove oil with potassium permanganate. It is probably fair to say, in the case of the vanillin, that much of this substance is produced from cloves.

Now for the coumarin: this is naturally the flavoring principle of the tonka or "snuff" bean. It is made synthetically from salicylic aldehyde, sodium acetate, and acetate anhydride. The first and last of these are of coal-tar origin. Thus it will be seen that both vanillin and coumarin are, in fact, closely related to coal tar.

If you are interested in the chemistry of these compounds, almost any good textbook on organic chemistry will make the matter either very plain or mystifying to you.

Don't Use It

Is Mrs. Price's canning compound, so freely used by farmers' wives, fit for preserving fruits and vegetables in cans?—Mrs. E. R. W., Ohio.

It is not fit. A sample of this compound was recently analyzed at this laboratory and found to consist principally of boric acid (95.03 per cent), common salt (4.47 per cent), and benzoic acid, about half of 1 per cent (.38 per cent). Boric acid cannot be legally used in food products. We should consider this a dangerous compound. The "Journal of the American Medical Association" says: "When the Federal Food and Drugs Act went into effect the use of certain chemical preservatives which had been proved injurious was prohibited in foodstuffs that entered into interstate commerce. One of these preserva-

tives was boric acid. As the harmfulness of this chemical became generally known, housewives and others who had been in the habit of using it for preservative purposes abandoned it. It was then that unscrupulous exploiters of chemical preservatives took a leaf out of the notebook of patent-medicine fakers and put on the market, under fanciful names, preserving compounds composed largely of boric acid."

Upon request "Mrs. Price" will send antiquated indorsements alleged to come from physicians. These purport to be photographic reproductions of letters dated before the passage of the Food and Drugs Act. The compound is a dangerous fraud. Boric acid may do for sore eyes, but keep it out of the food.

Tell Them to Reform

Kindly tell me whether the following recipe for preserving pickles is a good one: 4 quarts of vinegar, 2 ounces of alcohol, 1 ounce of salicylic acid, 2 ounces of salt. Many people in this neighborhood use this method.

The mixture contains approximately 0.8 per cent of salicylic acid. In our opinion the practice of using this compound is reprehensible. We do not believe any housekeeper, to say nothing of a regular manufacturer, has the moral right to use a noncondimental preservative in foods. Salicylic acid is in disrepute for such a purpose. As a remedy for rheumatism and gout it has its place, but this is no reason why it should be used for preserving pickles or any other like product.

An Imitation

I am sending you two samples of Graham flour which I purchased locally. Please tell me of what they are composed.—Mrs. H. F., Missouri.

Both of your samples are imitation Graham. They consist of ordinary white flour, with which a small quantity of bran has been mixed.

Easily Possible

DEAR SIR—Can you give me the name and manufacturer of a pure brand of molasses, one that does not contain sulphur dioxide? Is this ingredient injurious?—J. H. B., Michigan.

Unsulphured molasses may be obtained from the Boston Molasses Company, Boston, Mass.; Francis H. Leggett Company, New York City; Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company, Columbus, Ohio. Probably your wholesaler can procure it for you from several other sources. We believe sulphur dioxide to be injurious.

Forbidden Preservatives

DEAR SIR—We greatly desire some information on the permissible amount of boric acid or borates and saccharine in such products as ice-cream cones and other food products, and, in order to get a line on what the older States are doing, we shall be glad if you will kindly advise us of the cost of any bulletins which you may have on this subject, so that we may forward to you the necessary amounts.—R. H. L., Oklahoma.

Boric acid and its salts, together with saccharine, are regarded as substances injurious and deleterious to health when used in food products, consequently they cannot be employed in the manufacture of ice-cream cones in any proportion.

NOTE—Communications to this department must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender, otherwise no notice will be taken of them.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN
Largest SS. Co. in the WORLD
Over 400 Ships
1,306,819 TONS

Orient—India

by S. S. Cleveland (17,000 tons) from New York January 15th, 1914. Through the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Red Sea and Indian Ocean, to Bombay and Colombo. Side trips through India, Holy Land and Egypt. Stopping at points in Europe, Asia and Africa. Duration 93 days. Cost \$700 up. Including shore excursions and necessary expenses.

West Indies Panama Canal

by S. S. Amerika (22,500 tons) and Victoria Luise (17,000 tons) during January, February, March and April. Duration 16 to 29 days. Cost \$145-\$175 up. Also four 15-day Cruises from New Orleans during January, February and March, by S. S. Fuerst Bismarck and Kronprinzessin Cecilie. \$125 and up.

Atlas Service

Weekly Sailings to Cuba, Jamaica and the Panama Canal, Hayti, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, by new fast Twin-Screw Steamers.

Mediterranean Service

by S. S. Cincinnati and Cleveland. Ports of call: Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa. Nile Service by superb steamers of the Hamburg and Anglo-American Nile Company.

1915 Around the World Through Panama Canal

From New York, January 31, 1915, by S. S. Cleveland (17,000 tons). Duration 135 Days. Rates \$900 up, including shore trips and necessary expenses.

Write for information, stating cruise
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*In the Days of
Candle-light*

—back in the sixties Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder was first prepared and presented to the public. At the very start this dentifrice conformed to all the recognized principles of

**GOOD
TEETHKEEPING**

That was nearly fifty years ago. In the passing of time the underlying principles of teeth-preservation have not changed. Neither has

**Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder**



Its formula was scientifically right at the beginning. It is scientifically right today. Three generations have used and approved it and have lived to appreciate its benefits. Both in its preparation and in its use it has gone far beyond the realm of experiment.

Dr. Lyon's is safe. It cleanses by a natural process—thorough polishing. Prevents the lodgment of tartar and the beginning of decay. It is a pleasant, velvety, gritless powder, which induces a natural fragrance of the breath.

Teach your children to use it night and morning—but above all at night.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

Sold Everywhere

JONES

DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

The Season for Jones Dairy Farm Sausage Is Here

Our sausage has a history as well as a reputation. It is made according to the recipe of a pioneer ancestor from Vermont—a recipe that calls for just two things—choice young pork and home-ground spices.

For twenty-six years we have made sausage from this recipe, making it for more and more people every year. It seems that, simple as it is to make, good country sausage is so rare that our sausage has gained considerable distinction.

We make each day only enough sausage to fill that day's orders. You can get it from your grocer.

Ask your grocer about our standing order plan which insures you deliveries of fresh sausage on the very day you want it. If your grocer cannot supply you, we can, by express, direct. Write us for information about our sausage, our hickory-smoked and slowly cured hams and bacon and our lard rendered in open kettles and tried out until it is very dry. Our packages are net weight.

MILO C. JONES
Jones Dairy Farm
Box 612
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Jefferson Co.

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm.



On the Bowery Again

(Continued from page 8)

the Burlesque Circuit. Inherits his comedy from his mother who causes just as much laughter at the meals home that Billy causes in the back of the foot-lights. Going to Europe this summer for really his first vacation abroad. While over will look up Foreign Ideas. Krausmeyer's Alley is to Burlesque what Uncle Tom is to the Children or The Old Homestead was to the Public. Mr. W. is a Young Man of 47 and has made perhaps near 1/2 Million Dollars in the popular Price Houses.

"There," said Mr. Watson, "dope it out any way you like. I got to go an' eat." The glowering brow of the capscum



He could make it soar and sing

lady, waiting near by for her chief, made further parley inopportune, and there was only time to venture a word as to whether in selecting the Beef Trust Beauties any weight limit or other minimum qualification was observed. "He hires 'em by the pound—on the hoof," a rival press agent had airily explained.

"They all weigh about 90," said Mr. Watson, and, raising an umbrella over his fair companion, disappeared in the rain.

WHEN BURLESQUE WAS IN FLOWER

SHOWS like "Krausmeyer's Alley" will doubtless soon be no more. Pale wreaths of musical comedy are continually crossing these once-scornful frontiers and moving pictures flicker where once the slap stick rang. The Bowery is not what it used to be when it was full of shooting galleries and sailors and strong-arm men, and poor girls drank carbolic on the dance floor at McGurk's; nor is burlesque what it was when, on a summer evening, you could hear the chorus at Tony Pastor's through the open windows of Tammany Hall, when Annie Yeamans was singing "Maggie Murphy's Home," and Lillian Russell was a girl.

Yet these post-Elizabethans die hard, as some of the foregoing remarks may have suggested, and a blindfolded ancient might still be taken to Miner's Bowery of a winter night, and fancy he smelled the smoke and heard the band and songs of thirty years ago. The original theatre was built in 1878 and the first Miner became a great man out of it and wore a top hat and went to Congress, and his sons continue the traditions of their sire.

Here you will find that friendly, paternal relation between manager and public which has disappeared from the cold business houses uptown. The audience itself takes part in the fun, and the head of the theatre shows himself on the stage, monarch of all he surveys, half Santa Claus, half Solomon.

On waltz-contest night, when any young man may step up on the stage, pick his nymph from the chorus and waltz her around to music played for them alone, it is the manager who sits in judgment, weighs with impartial ear the wild applause, and decides whether the diamond ring shall go to the tall youth whose elegance in holding his partner with thumb and forefinger just touching her back, other fingers extended—as if she were a teacup—has aroused universal admiration, or to the Adams Express boy who waltzes well, but appears a trifle too confident, to presume a bit on the popularity of his blue coat and brass buttons.

PRIZE WINNERS' NIGHT

HE decides the wrestling bouts—here again is a chance for anyone in the audience—the cabaret contest, a modern diversion conducted by dashing young scouts sent down by the music publishers to sing their songs. On country-store night he calls out the prize winners—for Mrs. Flossie Spielberg, one wash boiler, one dozen photographs at the Manhattan Studio, two cans chloride of lime, and a lace waist; for Mrs. O. W.

Elfenbein, \$5 worth of dental work, a mattress, six cans of Fairy salmon, and a live goat." There is something of the old-time flavor about country-store night—everything must be carried away by the prize winners themselves—they have even had a horse on the stage, which the new owner had to lead out the side aisle to the cheers of the audience.

Amateur night, when those who think they can sing or dance are given a chance after the regular show, is perhaps the most spirited evening of all, and you get your money's worth either way—whether you try your luck on the stage or stay out in front and yell for the "hook" as soon as you are bored.

"GET THE HOOK!"

YOU may complain with the more knowing—who, dismal souls, can accept nothing at its face value—that the impossibility of keeping up a supply of genuine amateurs has taken the edge off amateur night, but you will have no lack of excitement if you are one of the victims themselves. It isn't so easy to face the amateur night audience—even if you are a professional amateur and come from an agency and have a circuit of amateur nights—a dollar apiece and car fare—and sing at third-rate cabarets and moving-picture shows between times. The burlesque audience are quick and critical and they've already seen one show before you come on. They have looked on for three hours, clapped and sung and whistled and smoked themselves blue in the face, and now it's eleven o'clock and their turn.

You can see them out in front, grinning through the smoke, ready to howl if they don't like your looks or your first note is "blue," or your stuff is old or slow—"think of a guy tryin' to put over a monologue at this time o' night!" Of course they're supposed to give you a run for your money, and Mr. Tom Miner himself, bored as a prize-fight referee or the Monte Carlo croupier of story, sits just outside the prompt entrance



"They ain't
going to pull no
hook on me"

with his eagle eye on the house and his own hungry stage hands.

But the man with the hook—a huge sort of landing net without a net—is clamping the bit in the wings across

the way; the stage hands, with blank-cartridge revolvers, are peering through the back drop, and they have a reputation to support. There is one in Brooklyn known for his black-and-blue spots all over the five boroughs, and one on the Bowery whose pride it is that no amateur breathes that he cannot put off. Sometimes they let a man down from the flies to disappear with the hapless performer like the condor of the Andes, and sometimes a practical trapdoor is painted on the back drop and the victim shot through it to the mattress behind.

THE BULLET-PROOF VOICE

THEY have given this up at Miner's as unnecessarily painful to the artist's feelings, and the hook, which used to be a sort of shepherd's crook, was modified to a hoop after they caught a negro just under the ears one night and choked him gray before they could saw it off. They are very gentle at Miner's, so all agree, and the crowd will give you a chance of a sort, but it's something like the chance in a street fight—you must knock 'em down first.

And it was pretty to see Number 1 do it—a pale youth, blasé, true child of the pavement, who strolled out to the foot-lights and turned on one of those bullet-

proof, sweet, nasal tenors, with a lyric tremor that went straight to the crowd's heart:

"Like the roses need their fragrance,
Like the sweetheart needs a kiss—"

Calm, hands limp at his sides, he sent the whining skylark note soaring above the smoke as the man with the bit of tin between his teeth sends his whistle above the roar of the street—

"Like a broken heart needs gladness,
Like the flowers need the dew,
Like a bu-a-a-by needs . . . its mother,
THAT'S . . . how I need you!"

The house, barking for slaughter a moment before, was still as a mouse. He sang all there was to sing and came back for an encore before they would let him go. The next, a clog dancer, had scarcely started his shuffle, with a fatal glance of indecision at his jury, before there came a universal "WOW!" and off he went on the hook—like-wise two velvet-eyed Italian guitar players who fled at the first hoot like startled fauns.

Number 4, a sturdy, sawed-off, little girl—Italian or Slav, it was hard to tell which, like thousands who go pouring down into the East Side when the loft buildings close—stood watching all this. She was a veritable amateur, very different from the "flip" young girls from the cabarets, and had a curious old duenna with her. There was a jeer as she waddled on—looking as if she had been put in a vise and flattened by having a weight pushed down on her head—and it broke into a roar when she hit her first note flat. From the wings we could see her mouth moving and the leader waving his violin and trying to follow, but the crowd drowned out her voice. No blushes or gaspings from the little flat-headed girl, however. She faced them as so many of her sisters face life, unhopeful, unsurprised, sullen, and unafraid. At last, something like annoyance crossed her face and she started off.

"They ain't going to pull no hook on me!" she muttered.

"Go on back, kid!" whispered the stage manager. "They'll treat you right."

"I won't have no hook pulled on me," she repeated, trying to push through, but he urged her on again, and Tom Miner himself rose and put out his hand. "You give this little girl a chance," he shouted.

"Yes, I mean you, up there in the box. Another word and out you go. Give her a chance—she can sing all right."

The house quieted and she started again, but hit it worse this time than before. She gave it up then, still defiant. "He's playin' too low," she snapped. "Nobody could sing to that!"

A POSSIBLE MISCHIA ELMAN

YOU might have thought nothing could hold that howling mob, and then a boy with a violin stepped out and showed how. He was a scrubby little Hebrew, about seventeen, with no collar and the sweat dripping off the end of his nose as he played; a self-absorbed, painstaking little man who played just as the other youth had sung and could tuck his instrument under his shabby chin and slowly, surely, with the same tremulous

resonance and sirupy slurs, make it soar and sing. They called him back and threw dimes and nickels on the stage, and he picked them up carefully and walked off as he played, without a smile. He had a job in a hotel orchestra, but didn't intend to stick there, he told me, as he wiped his streaming forehead on his sleeve.

THE OLD STAGERS

TWO or three pert young girls with enameled faces and impudent manners, screeched successfully their rag-time songs, and as we listened, crowded there in the first entrance, a shabby, long-haired youth, who might have been an unsuccessful inventor, took a battered paper from his inside pocket and tapped it mysteriously. He was going to do a monologue, but this, this gem unrevealed, was an eight-part sketch.

"I play them all myself," he whispered.

"Go on a young man—off—turn round—come back an old man—see? Eight parts—and I play 'em all. I'll get a try out next week, and if it goes they'll put me on the vaudeville circuit—hey?" He managed just about to open his mouth before he was hustled off, the stage hands pelting him with inflated bladders. Then a tall girl stepped out and sang—so well that the stage managers promptly offered her a job with the regular show.

"Don't say anything," she whispered with an odd smile. "I've been out with four of 'em already." It was the dollar she needed—or the smell of the stage again.

Back in dusk, where the idle scenery was piled, alone but for the lean stage cat, sat an amateur of another sort. No crowding into the first entrance for her along with those fresh young snipes from the cabarets—she knew her place and stayed there—in her poke bonnet, comic white stockings, and freakish dress stuck over with playing cards. An old-timer she, fifty, perhaps—it's merely a matter of light—"professional" through and through, with one of those well-made, rather piquant faces which the years pass over untouched. A little rouge, a few blond curls, a kindly up-glance from the footlights—it's almost good as new.

Hers was a "suffragette act" in which she made a humorous argument for the cause. "It goes pretty well in the cabarets and the ladies crowd round sometimes and talk to me"—it wasn't hard to guess about how much chance they would give it here! But they're very kind and nice here at Miner's, you get your dollar and car fare; there'll be another amateur night in Brooklyn next Wednesday and a chance at cabarets between times, not to mention music lessons here and there, and there are hall bedrooms with board, at five or six dollars a week. She should worry, indeed, as they say, even though she was an old-timer and had played at the head of her own show.

The audience let out a yell at the mere sight of her. And for a time she fought back with every trick she knew, and such shrieks and creaky coquetties and comic hand wavings and kicks and tipplings of her bonnet here and there as none of those who had gone before her could learn in a dozen years. No use—they wouldn't stand for it, although in the glare of the footlights she looked almost young, and so after a little she bowed herself off with a final comic rearward kick, and hurried in businesslike fashion to the dressing room.

She was a delightful old lady, glad to be talked to, ready to listen and laugh and to put her hand on your arm and tell the story of her life, ten minutes after you met her. She had played in burlesque and light opera with all the well-known people of a



"De tough guy"

Halfway up he falls between the rungs, of course, and the audience nearly dies laughing



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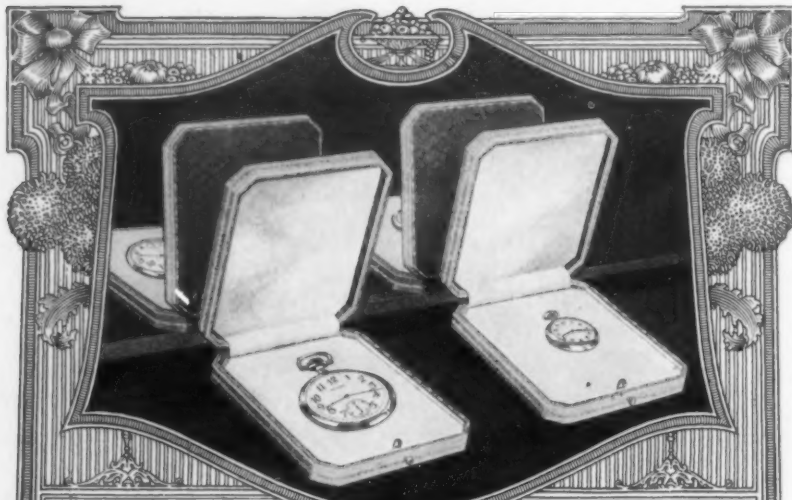
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generation ago—or in the kindly haze of memory it seemed that she had—and had three or four husbands more or less. There was the minstrel she ran away with at sixteen—"and my mother came after me and brought me back and put me in the school again"—and the bass in light opera, and the manager who fell into a fortune and began such a wild career that she was glad enough to go away from him. "I'm living in a hall bedroom now, over in West Twenty-sixth Street. And do you know," she beamed, "I'm happier than I ever was in my life." She didn't line up with the rest when the prizes were held over each one's head for the audience to declare the winners by its applause. "Let the young folks have 'em," she winked. Suit case by her side, she waited patiently for her dollar, and then alone and smiling started for her uptown trolley car.

The Poverty seemed genial enough that night, if not what it was of old. Even the stage manager differed from the ogres of story, and listened, a sort of philosophic uncle, to the tales the hard-worked chorus told, as they looked up each other's waists, of last week's adventures, or what they had had for supper. The Hebrew comedian was actually funny and lived just round the corner when at home.

The soubrette had also grown up on the upper East Side—a husky, hearty little girl, with big blue eyes and a wide, boyish mouth, fresh as the flowers of

May. She sat still as a mouse while her picture was made, thought it must be wonderful to draw like that, and that Raleigh had his nerve with him to make her so pretty. Nor did she seem to be bothering a bit about having her name in electric lights on Broadway. She had gone on in the chorus in a couple of uptown musical comedies, she said, but she was glad to get back to burlesque again. A musical comedy might rehearse for six weeks and blow up like a broken soap bubble, but a burlesque show was thrown together in no time and there were thirty-five or forty weeks sure.

And of course this—the steadiness of it—is one of the compensations of burlesque. It helps to make up for shabby dressing rooms, the comedian's bright personalities, and the two-performance grind. There are no motor cars panting at the stage entrance when the show is over, no dashing young financiers in evening clothes, but the job is there at any rate, and will be, to-morrow and next spring. The weary chorus girls can take it home with them to their boarding houses and cheap hotels, and with the thought of it even the leading lady can solace herself a bit, as, lingering for a few friendly glasses of beer with the orchestra leader and his wife, and the man who wants to engage her at bargain wages for the summer, she recounts the machinations of the soubrette and how much worse she is treated in this show than ever before.

Tales of the Gridiron

(Concluded from page 21)

and tried to get some of the blood out of his eyes and mouth.

"How you're feeling, Jim?" said Pop Warner.

"Well," replied Thorpe, "if a cannon ball beats that shoe I'm against war."

RATHER SARCASTIC

THE talk turned to the Carlisle Indian team, and that inimitable old war horse, Glenn Warner.

Bill Crowell, the genial referee, held the center of the stage; and leaned back smiling as he remarked: "Pop Warner is quite a humorist himself. I was refereeing the Indian-Lehigh game last year and along about the end of the game the Indians had the ball on Lehigh's four-yard line. Three times the fast but light Indian half backs plunged into the line, but without the slightest effect. Then, on the last down, the Indian full back swung wide of the opposing tackle and it looked like a sure touchdown. But just as the runner was going over the line, young Keady, the Lehigh coach's brother, hit him like a racing car at full speed and the two went right up in the air together. When they came down, the crowd had closed in and you couldn't even see the ball. I got round in front of the play," continued Bill, "as I always do when the ball is near the line ['and as all good officials do,' commented Mike Thompson], and so I was caught in the jam. Finally, however, I got my hands on the ball in the middle of that tangled, fighting mass, and held on to the pigskin until they'd piled off. The ball seemed almost above the goal line as I held it there up in the air, and I couldn't tell whether it was a touchdown or not. So I called the linesman and we plumb bobbed it with the string. That ball was eight inches outside the whitewash."

"Well, what of it?" came the chorus.

"Oh, nothing. I just chased the Indians back, waved the lines up the other way, and yelled 'Lehigh's ball, first down.' Then I looked round, and out there on the side lines was old 'Pop' Warner glowering at me. He stood and looked at me for a minute, and then he put his hands up to his mouth and megaphoned: 'Oh, Crowell, Bill Crowell, you're the best defensive player Lehigh's ever had.'"

JIM THORPE'S HAZY MOMENT

"OF all the things that big Jim Thorpe ever did, though," smiled Bill Crowell, "I think the weirdest was the stunt he pulled off there in Pittsburgh, the day of the Pittsburgh-Indian game. As all baseball fans know, Jim is quite a baseball player himself, and every once in a while he'd forget just which game he was playing. The first half had been a pretty tough one and Jim had gotten a crack in the head that made him feel pretty dozy. So when the second half began, and Jim

had placed the ball on the pile of mud all ready for the kick-off, I saw him hesitate for a moment and look around, brushing that big mop of black hair out of his eyes, as he does when he's puzzled or confused.

"I'd asked the two teams if they were ready to play, so I blew my whistle, and the ball should have been kicked off. But Jim just stood there, pawing his hair and looking at those crowds in the stands. He was pretty dazed, I guess, but in his queer mind he was sure that something was not just right. Then, as if a sudden inspiration had struck him, he turned to the stands, and in the most approved baseball umpire's voice bel-lowed: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the time of this half is thirty minutes.'

"For a moment the stands were silent; then a great roar of laughter echoed across the field, and Thorpe, suddenly realizing the nonsense of the whole thing, woke up as if some one had doused him with ice water. And he never played such a game in his life as he did in that second half."

FREAKS OF THE BALL

"THE most extraordinary play I ever saw made," said a Western man down the table, "was one put over by Bliss of Kansas, now nearly as famous as Edwin Ward Bliss, the novelist, as he was in the days when he was the kid star at Lawrence. Kansas was playing the Haskell Indian School and big Redwater was then a member of the team. Late in the second half Redwater got the ball on his own quarter back's fumble, and went charging down the field like a freight engine. Bliss was the last thing between him and the goal line. As he flung down for his tackle, he must have seen that the big Indian carried the ball in a loose way, for instead of tackling the Indian, he snatched the ball and, rising from his knees to face the mass of both teams, punted up the field. He saw an Indian player there, he said afterward, who he thought would put the ball on side, and enough Kansas line men not yet fully away from the scrimmage point to down him with some forty yards' loss to Haskell. The Indian player got the ball and shot off to the left without interference. Bliss, after the kick, had sped down the field, and it was he who first faced the runner close to the side lines. Again, just before he tackled, he shifted and snatched the ball, and with a clear field reached the Indian's five-yard line before he was brought down from behind so heavily that the ball flew out of his clutch. Another Indian got it and started down the field. This time interference formed, and there were five men grouped to break it, so that a pushing, pulling mass formed around the ball. Suddenly it shot up in the air, and Bliss caught it. Ten seconds later he crossed the goal line without being touched."

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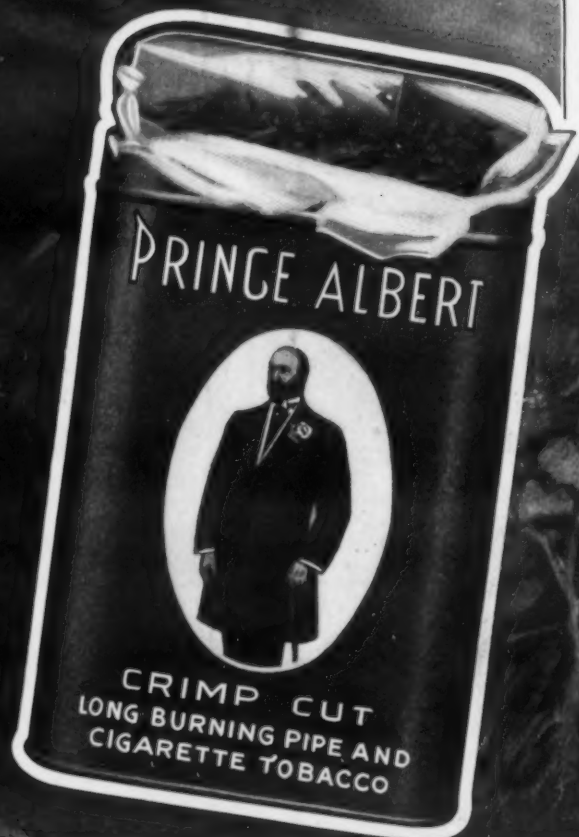
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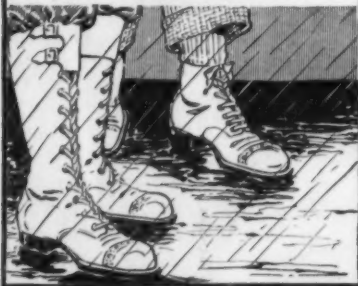
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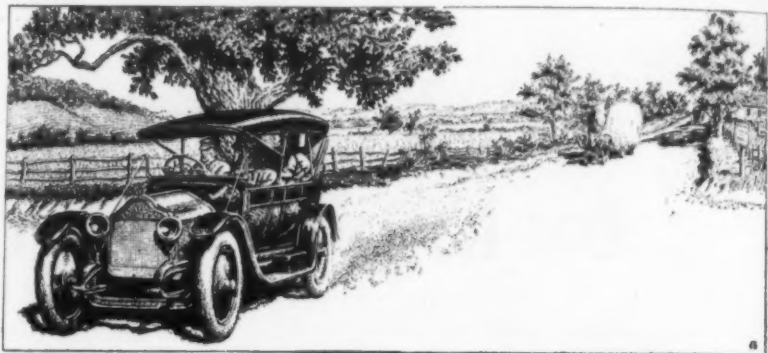
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50,000 Miles of Good Roads

By JOHN STONE ALLEN

AT this year's convention of the Inter-Mountain Good Roads Association at Boise, Idaho, a speaker held up before the audience a map of Massachusetts showing a complete system of State highways that will soon serve all parts of the commonwealth.

"This," he said, "is a map of roads beginning somewhere and ending somewhere. It shows what State highways do and what on a national scale national highways would do. Besides her system of State roads, Massachusetts has splendid town roads, farm and market roads. Improving the smaller roads has practically all been done since the State began to build roads, and now practically half of Massachusetts's entire mileage has been improved."

Then he held up another map. It was that of Michigan, where "State aid" prevails; where, in other words, the State gives money to small communities and lets them spend it. The map was sprinkled over with minute dots and dashes, like fly tracks, indicating where a mile of road had been completed here, and two miles completed there.

"Here," said the speaker, "you see roads beginning nowhere and ending nowhere. Gentlemen, compare these two maps and then ask yourselves whether you want 'Federal aid' or 'national highways.'"

The Inter-Mountain Good Roads Association became the Inter-Mountain Good Roads Department of the National Highways Association. Several other road organizations have done exactly what the Inter-Mountain did. They have amalgamated—not affiliated or cooperated, but amalgamated—with the National Highways Association. Among them are the National Old Trail Roads Association with 10,000 members, the Ohio Good Roads Federation, the State Good Roads Associations of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Half a dozen other State organizations are expected to follow suit in the near future. Two road associations, one pledged to developing a "Great White

Way" across Iowa, and the other to boosting the Canada, Kansas City, and Gulf Road have recently joined the national organization.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAYS PLAN

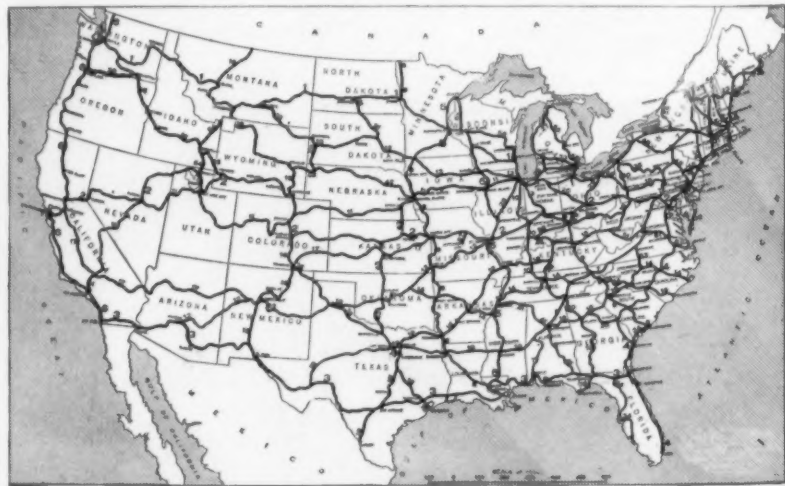
NOW it will naturally be asked: "What magnet draws these bodies to the National Highways Association? What induces them to add to their local functions the responsibility of working for a larger end?" The explanation undoubtedly lies in the fact that they see in the National Highways Association the instrument that is needed to unify their efforts and to secure from the National Government the framework of a good-roads structure to which individual roads and State, county, and town systems should be tributary. Remember, these State and road organizations do not lose their identity by amalgamating. They are convinced that in this way they can work more effectively for their own immediate ends; and that the quickest way to get good State roads, and good market roads, and good farm roads is by getting a definite and

intelligent system of national roads to hitch up to.

That is just what the National Highways Association believes. Its slogan is *Good Roads Everywhere*. It wants farm roads and market roads, but it is convinced that the national roads have got to come first. In the early days of railroads the farmer of one State thought he did not want to reach another State. He wanted short pieces of railroad to reach centers near by. Yet it was the through lines that first developed. The Pennsylvania Railroad built through to Pittsburgh and then pushed on to the West long before its numerous present branches were built. In the same way the New York Central and the Lake Shore Railroads grew to Chicago, and the Northern, Southern, and Union Pacific and other great Western railroads were laid across the continent. The trunk lines came first and the branches afterward. Good roads will



Charles Henry Davis, who conceived the idea of the National Highways Association



50,000 miles of proposed good roads mapped by the National Highways Commission

follow the same law. If the farmer waits for the reversal of it he will die "in the mud." The best he can get will be good roads "beginning nowhere and ending nowhere."

Another explanation of the success that the National Highways Association has had in drawing other organizations to it is to be found in the personality of the man who is the head and moving spirit in it.

Charles Henry Davis inherited his interest in the good roads movement. His father and his grandfather had long been identified with the manufacture of road machinery, and Mr. Davis did much to develop the business that came to him. Up to the time that he conceived the idea of the National Highways Association he maintained this commercial interest, but soon after the association had been formed it became obvious to him that no man who had this kind of interest in securing good roads could bring the movement to success. He therefore disposed of his business connections.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Governors of practically all of the States and Territories—more than fifty of them—have accepted appointments as members of the National Highways Association's Council of Governors, one of its five official bodies, and that the Council of Commissioners, made up of State Highway Commissioners, shows an almost equal completeness.

Let us look back a little further into this question of whether we ought to have "Federal aid" or "national highways" when the Government takes a hand in the good roads movement.

THE FAILURE OF "STATE AID"

NOT so very long ago road building in this country was confined to the townships. Some of the townships built good roads, some built poor roads, and some didn't build any roads at all. Those that built good roads soon found that much of the traffic over them came from adjoining townships that had not helped to build them and that would not help to keep them in repair. On that ground the townships appealed to the county for assistance, and the county responded by what was known as "county aid"; the county and the township undertook to build roads jointly.

That system did not work well, however. It led to wastefulness and graft. If half of the money got into the roads the roads were lucky. Moreover there were frequent clashes of authority between town and county officials, and when such clashes occurred the roads had to wait. Ultimately in most places "county aid" was abandoned and the counties adopted the policy of building certain county roads and letting the townships build town roads as they had before.

In the main, that plan worked well. The difficulty with it was this: the counties soon found that much of the traffic over their roads came from adjoining counties that had not contributed any money toward building them and could not be expected to contribute to their support. Consequently, the county appealed to the State, and the State made the same mistake that the county had made before; it gave "State aid."

As a system "State aid" worked as badly as "county aid" had previously done. Graft flourished, and the roads did not get built. If short stretches did get built anywhere they made the road map look as if it had smallpox. The delegates who were at Boise know what a "State aid" map looks like. Most of the States that tried it have turned to out-and-out State highway building, adopting for improvement a definite system of roads and leaving to the counties and the towns the development of the roads that are distinctively county roads and town roads.

THE SHARE OF THE AUTOMOBILE

FOR the next step in the road movement automobiles have been largely responsible. Every State has discovered that its roads are bearing an ever-increasing amount of traffic from other States. Persons who live in New York and Rhode Island and Massachusetts are constantly putting wear and tear on roads of Connecticut, to the building and maintenance of which they give nothing. A substantial part of the travel over New Jersey roads comes from New York and Pennsylvania. In some States it has been proposed to tax automobiles coming in from other States, but the trouble with doing such a thing is that at once your State roads cease to be

free to all, as they ought to be. Thus of late years has grown the demand that the National Government should take a hand in road building, as the States and the counties have taken a hand. The demand is nation wide, and it has become too insistent to be much longer ignored.

Curiously enough, the chances now seem to be that when Congress responds, it will be in the form of "Federal aid," repeating the mistake made by the counties and the States, and following a program that counties and States have both repudiated.

NOT "FEDERAL AID," BUT "NATIONAL HIGHWAYS"

THE National Highways Association does not want to see history repeat itself in that way. The association believes that under "Federal aid" the graft and corruption and waste would be many times greater than they have been under "county aid" and "State aid," and that the system would result not in a definite and intelligent system of good roads but in "roads beginning nowhere and ending nowhere."

Instead, the association proposes this plan: that the nation should take over and improve a comparatively small system of national highways, say 50,000 miles long—a little more than one-fiftieth of the entire mileage of the country. The figure is arbitrary. It might be put at 25,000 miles or 100,000 miles. The National Highways Association proposes 50,000 miles because it has found that a system of this length will enter every State in the Union, connect the principal cities and pass through counties containing 60 per cent of the population of the United States. Add the people in the counties immediately adjoining, and this proposed system of national highways will serve 75 per cent of the whole population.

The highways suggested by the association are either the best present roadways from point to point or, in the judgment of the engineers who evolved the system, the best possible locations for connecting each State with its neighbors. The cost would depend on how much you allow a mile for construction. At \$20,000, which is probably an outside estimate, the system would cost a billion dollars. That is quite a tidy sum of course, and objectors naturally exclaim that the Government cannot afford to spend so much. But when you think that the value of the land within one mile of the national highways would at once increase in value by more than \$600,000,000; when you consider that at the very lowest count \$100,000,000 would be saved every year in the cost of hauling goods by wagon over these very roads, you wonder how the Government can afford not to build them. As a matter of fact the annual saving would be far greater; it will probably amount not to millions but to billions yearly. If you remember that the Government has given a billion dollars to the railroads, which are run for private profit, it does not seem unreasonable to expect it to devote as much to roads for the profit of all the people.

THE SUPERLATIVE PLAN

UNDER the Constitution the National Government has abundant authority to take over any roads that it needs for a national system. Such a process does not infringe on State rights. Moreover in the West, where, by the way, State-rights sentiment is stronger today than it is in the South, the keenest kind of competition exists between rival communities in urging favorite routes for the Government's consideration. It is expected that the Government will recompense the States for work already done on roads that are to be incorporated in the national system. Once the roads are built, the Government, under the plan of the National Highways Association, is to own them and maintain them.

No great government work has been undertaken without a preliminary investigation and report to Congress, and the National Highways Association takes the stand that Congress ought not to commit the nation to any expenditure of money for any road building plan—least of all its own—until an expert commission has made a report on the subject. The magnitude of the project is such and many of the aspects are so technical that it cannot properly be considered at first by a Congressional Committee.

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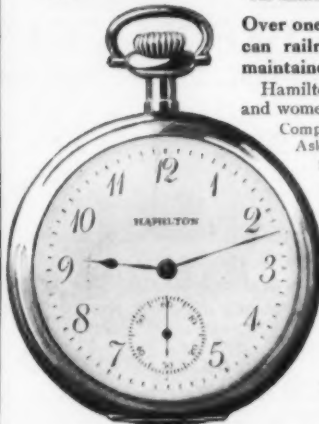
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What two new and vital forces, changing the face of the world, came to men in the nineteenth century? (I, xxxiii)
What is the effect of these two new forces today? (I, xxxiv)
Who was the oldest ruler known to us and when did he reign? (I, 75)

How many times more inhabitants has India than the United States and how many times more than the Roman Empire at the height of its power? (V, 45)
What caste in India today is the result of 3000 years of hereditary culture and temperance? (V, 45)
What race claims records that dwarf into insignificance the records of Egypt? (VI, 5)
What Englishman in righteous wrath put Li Hung Chang to flight in his own country? (VI, 204)
Why is one of the best Spanish warships today named "Numantia"? (VIII, xi)

Why did France lend money and other assistance to the Americans during our Revolutionary War? (XI, 517)
What famous city was besieged twenty-nine times, captured eight times, but unbesieged since 1453? (XIV, 75)
What were the peculiar funeral customs in colonial times, notably among the Dutch? (XXIII, 156)
What was the result of the Union Pacific bribery charge under President Grant's second term? 1872. (XXIV, 895)
What were the causes of the panic of 1873? (XXIV, 896)

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The World's New Marvels

(Concluded from page 20)

early and very badly named "cells." Now it is apparently the richness in cells which most determines the grade of brain. Thus, for example, in a cubic millimeter of cortical substance—brain stuff—in the lower mammals, like the kangaroo and anteaters, there are only from five to ten thousand cells; and this is true even of the brains of the ruminants, like our cattle, and even the elephant and the whale. At a stage higher stand the carnivores, and especially beasts of prey, the lions, tigers, and again the seals. Here the density per cubic millimeter ranges from fifteen to twenty-five thousand cells. Still higher stand the rodents, squirrels, and the like, and the apes, whose cell density may be as high as thirty-five to fifty thousand per cubic millimeter.

Higher than any, it is a little reassuring in these disturbing and disillusioning days to know, stands man. Here the cell density, as well as surface and thickness of the cortex, is so great that, whereas the orang has only about one thousand million cells in its brain, human beings average ten times this, and, of course, in exceptional individuals the number is still higher.

The number seems quite fabulous. No human being ever saw in a single mass ten hundred thousand people. But there are at least fifteen hundred million on earth. Yet the human brain has from five to ten times as many individual cells as there are people on earth. Now consider that each of these microscopic cells is for all the world like a great spreading tree, with a trunk and deep-branching roots, and no end of upright branches, with branchlets and twigs and leafage so intertwined that a section of the brain rind looks like a cross section of a great forest.

Each of these branchlets and twigs makes endless connections with other cells at their innumerable termini. It is the number of these connections which really determines the kind of brain that an animal or a human being has. Apparently there is no other difference. Throughout the whole animal, and per-

haps, in a very minute degree, also the plant kingdom, it is the same kind of stuff, molded and built up in just the same way.

The varying degrees of human ability seem to be nothing more than the varying number of nerve and brain cell connections, these in turn being determined largely by the cell density and the surface and thickness of the brain rind. "Genius" is not a capacity to take pains, but a capacity of cells per square millimeter. This is why, also, a small brain may often be superior to a larger one.

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THERE are few more baffling things with which a physician has to deal than a tendency to obesity. A nonfat-producing diet will often work wonders. But sometimes it does not, and there are a great number of people who will not have their table enjoyments ruthlessly cut down. Obesity means simply a low oxygen supply to the tissues, or, rather, lowered power of combustion. Literally, the fat does not burn. In many cases this may amount practically to a disease, and results in mountains of fat, equally distressing to wear or to see. For people so afflicted a cure of remarkable simplicity has recently been found. This is simply a subcutaneous injection of solutions of colloidal palladium. Palladium is one of the rare metals of the platinum group, and may be reduced to a powder of remarkable fineness, which possesses very high oxidizing powers. When the metal is pulverized under water it will form a thin, glue-like solution, and when this is injected into tissues it raises the powers of the body to burn the fat in a remarkable way. This must be done with circumspection, however, because in very fat people the heart works under a condition of strain; and if this strain is suddenly taken off serious consequences may follow. The reduction of flesh, therefore, should be slow and with careful attention to the heart action. Under this condition it brings relief to a very real affliction.

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The Conservation of Cats

By WALT MASON

TWO years ago I built a cement basin in my back yard, and thereafter filled it with fresh water every morning, for the benefit of the birds. And the idea made a great hit with the birds. They spread the news of the establishment of a free public bath far and wide, and they came from every direction, with their soap and towels, and it was a joy to watch them.

There were all kinds of desirable birds—orioles, thrushes, robins, catbirds; and the fun they had in that basin of water "baffles description." They began to make their headquarters in the immediate neighborhood; they built their nests in the trees, and made the morning excellent with their melody, and contributed largely to the general happiness—and all because of a little fresh water. There were three or four times as many birds around my wigwam this summer as could have been found before the basin was installed.

BUT there is a fly in every keg of ointment. The cats of this country have a weakness for birds. They'd rather catch and devour the gentle thrushes and orioles than have a dish of ice cream. The cats have a grapevine telegraph system, and the word was passed along that my yard had become a favorite resort for birds. Then the cats began to make my premises their headquarters. They wanted those birds—and got a good many of them. All summer long I have been running shrieking from the house, throwing chunks of coal, and bootjacks, and sad irons, and shelf and heavy hardware at the blamed cats; and the cats would dodge the missiles, and smile sardonically, and remain on guard.

It was most exasperating. The birds would sit twittering and scolding in the trees, suffering to get down to the water, and afraid to because of the cats; and there were cats everywhere, and all kinds of cats. There might have been some excuse for a starved, homeless cat frequenting my yard in the hope of getting a small bird, if not a cold bottle; but the majority of the beasts infesting that back yard were cats of pampered lives, aldermanic cats—cats which loiter in the lap of luxury, and lie on downy beds of ease. They didn't need orioles or canaries or thrushes. They were led to the warpath by the perversity of the feline character.

MY painful experiences have set me to wondering how many native birds are killed by cats in this country every summer; and anybody who begins wondering along that line will eventually wonder why we raise cats. The value of the birds is everywhere recognized. It is something that can't be disputed. Learned men have been pointing out for years the fact that the bugs and insects are taking the crops, causing an annual

loss of millions, and the activity of the bugs and insects is largely due to the disappearance of the native birds, and the disappearance of the native birds is largely due to cats.

WHEN you get down to the figures touching this matter, they will lift your hat off. Chester A. Reed, a man who has made a life study of such things, says that in the State of Massachusetts the birds devour 21,000 bushels of insects a day during the summer season. Most of these insects are harmful to the crops. If all the birds of Massachusetts were suddenly killed off, what would become of the honest old farmers? That State has more bugs than she has real use for, even now, because she is long on cats. If the cats were suddenly expunged, in a few years the Massachusetts farmer would need a searchlight when desiring to find a bug.

Of the agencies destructive to bird life in this country, the cat ranks third; man is first and the elements second. In order to abolish man and the elements a constitutional amendment would be necessary, but it does seem as though something might be done to have the cat abrogated or repealed.

Why do we conserve the cat, as though it were one of our valuable resources? Of what use is the cat? There is an ancient superstition that the animal will destroy rats and mice, and so it will, but only as a sporting proposition. It won't buckle down and make a profession of anything like that. Five cents' worth of poison, judiciously distributed, will do more to discourage the rats and mice than five generations of cats. The cat is about the only animal in the country that isn't taxed, and it is the one that should be taxed to death.

It is a parasite; it does nothing for its board and lodging, contributes nothing to the public weal.

ONE might forgive the cat a good deal if it would die now and then, but cats never die a natural death. Unless some exasperated citizen shoots or poisons them, they live forever, and the way they increase and multiply is a scandal. And every kitten born into this world is a menace to the peace and dignity of the people. It will grow up to kill birds; and because the birds are killed the bugs multiply; and because the bugs multiply the farmer's crop is cut down one-third or one-half, as the case may be; and because the farmer's crop is cut down, the toiler in the city has to pay more for his bread than he can afford, and eventually he goes to the poorhouse or the morgue.

It is an endless chain. Trace the links back in any direction, and you will find the cat, that sleek, smug, purring malefactor which is destroying the bird life of the United States.

Oxyfakery

(Concluded from page 19)

a fake. Then came the Oxygenor, an imitation. There is also an Oxytonor, and, the immediate predecessor of the latest oxy-fraud, the Oxygenator. The Oxygenator was shut out of Vermont as a fraud, which perhaps explains its change of name to Oxyopath. And now Australia has forbidden the importation of the Oxyopath into that country. The United States mails, however, still hospitably spread the lying gospel of Oxyopathy.

In spite of all warnings, there will still be people who carry horse-chestnuts in their pockets against rheumatism, wear a rusty iron amulet for chills and fever, and buy "magnetic" rings to draw out the poison of disease. To this class Oxyopathy and its kindred charlatanism will forever appeal. Purely in the interests of their pocketbooks, I append the following receipt for making, at a cost not to exceed 10 cents, an Oxyfakor:

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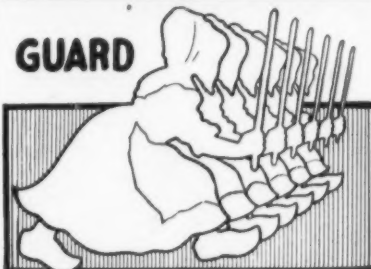
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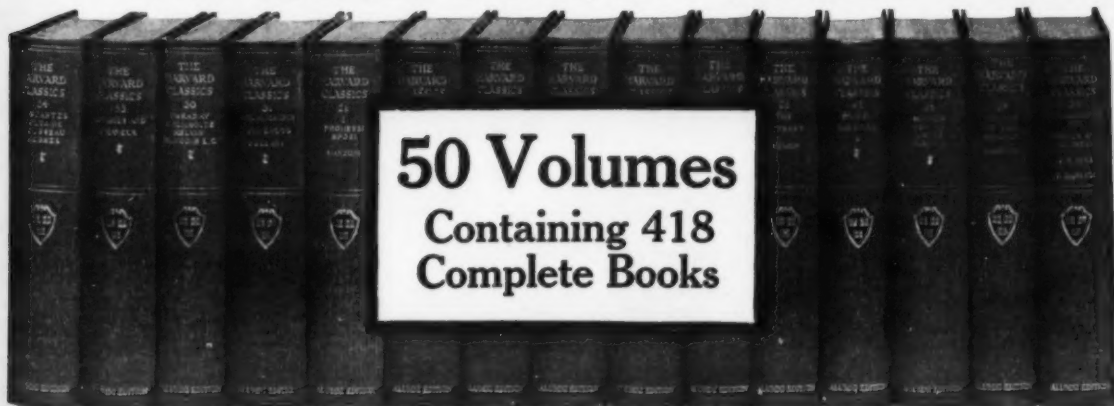
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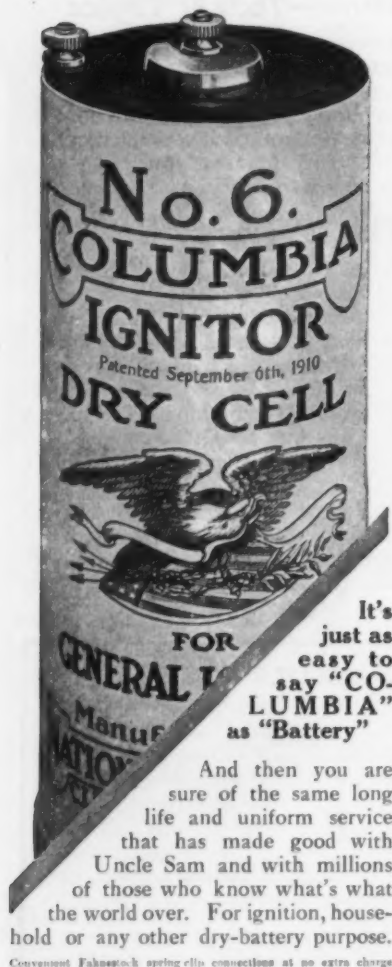
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Men and a Gale o' Wind

(Continued from page 6)

"hollow of the beach." Its bottom is set here and there with treacherous quicksand; in places, where the sea has made cut-throughs in the outer ridge, it is exposed to the tides; and in winter, when snow falls a foot deep at Provincetown across the Cape, it piles here in places six, seven, and ten feet deep. Inward from these paralleling sand ridges, and reaching back to the woods, lies a desert of naked sand whose whole surface is lifted and incorporated with the wind when the winter gales sweep unimpeded across it. Outward, running far out beneath the sea, are the ever-shifting outer and inner bars, which spread their ambush for shipping endeavoring to round the Cape and find refuge in Provincetown Harbor. At low tide in storms these bars are tumbling bars of white water up and down the coast.

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THE heavy cartwheels, with their six-inch tires, sank to the hubs. The body of the cart burrowed through the snow. The keeper broke the trail ahead. "Come on, boys! Come on!"

At Dead Men's Hollow the forward men suddenly floundered in drifts to their armpits. "Hand out the shovels, boys. Got to dig through now."

The spirit of the gale seemed riding the air above the sand ridges, shouting to his brother, the sea, and playing roughly with the land. At intervals he would reach down just leeward of the crest of the beach ridge, scoop up snow and tons of sand in one swift rotary motion, and hurl it with stunning force into Dead Men's Hollow. Here the roaring spirit was not majestic nor grand nor terrible. He was exasperating, thwarting, the inventor of devilish tricks to delay and persecute the men. An elemental devil, constantly driving shut a door behind which men were dying and through which rescuers were grimly fighting their way. The men breathed snow and ate sand. The paint was cut from their sou'westers, the skin from their faces, and their hands grew puffy and ragged.

It was just past high tide when the men hauled the cart to the crest of the bluff abreast a churning light. Assaulting breakers swept the bluff with flying spume. Icicles began to trim eyebrows and chin.

"Now, Lewis, let 'em see yer signal." Flash! the second Coston signal flared like a blazing barrel of pitch.

THE woman lay unconscious—a piece of wreckage. The huddled men had long been silent—staring into the night. Up sprang a light from the darkness. And in the light, standing out in vivid unreality, like the scenery of a vision, were moving men, apparatus, the shore. Then, flash!

Minturn roused and pulled himself upright. The Lyle gun! "Here, you! Brace up there! Tell them boys to watch out for the shot line."

Wretched man to wretched man they screamed hoarsely. And Minturn drove them to vigilance. "Git to it now!" But search for the line was fruitless.

Flash! Again the vain search through the rigging. And the long wait.

"They can't git no line over us. Not in this gale—firin' against the wind."

"Why don't they come out in a boat? I been out in a dory when 'twasn't no better'n this."

"Not in no surf, y' ain't."

"Them life-savers ort to be tarred an' feathered."

"Shut yer mouth. I knowed a man—" Flash! A quivering line fell across the rigging so close to Minturn that he had only to reach out his hand to secure it.

"We got it!"

"We got it!"

"We got it!"

"I lash yerselves here, so we kin haul in the whip!"

It is men inured to danger who sometimes show superstitious ideas that man's courage can be used up. . . .

Minturn, lowered by a rope from the crosstrees, was making the hawser fast to the mast ten feet below when the mast began to totter at its top. The schooner's keel was bursting as a gourd bursts when pounded on a wall. Min-

turn waited, waited, like a listening man, like a man with a rope around his neck, waiting to drop. Then he began to laugh. He laughed horribly. He seemed to be again on that bark's house in mid-ocean. He seemed to be again drawing straws to see which man should die. With shaking hand he pulled the whip line, giving signal to the shore. The moment the breeches buoy appeared Minturn stepped into it and pulled off.

FOUR surfmen, in charge of the hawser, tolled incessantly at the tackle, like fishermen playing a giant fish. Feet braced, nerves quivering to the "feel" of every movement of the unseen vessel, they swayed back and forth as they worked with her surge. Now, hand over hand, rushing in the hawser's slack as a sea rolled the vessel toward the shore. Now paying out as she rolled to windward. An instant's lack of wary watchfulness meant that hawser and tackle would be torn to pieces by the plunging vessel, or it meant that the breeches buoy suspended from the hawser on a traveler block would drop into the sea.

The keeper, Dave, and Clark pulled eagerly on the whip line.

With rough tenderness they lifted a man from the buoy. His jaws were set, his eyes fixed, and his expression dazed and frightened. Brandy was poured down his throat, and he gasped: "Save the others."

"How many on yer vessel?" asked the keeper.

"Seven men and a woman."

"A woman! Why didn't yer send her ashore first? Why didn't yer put that woman in the buoy the first one?" The keeper was helping Minturn into the cart and wrapping him in canvas.

Minturn hesitated. Now that he was ashore he could not understand why he had not even thought of Della when the buoy appeared.

He equivocated. "She—didn't want to come in the breeches buoy."

SWANSON was very cold and numb and he was wrapped in selfish cowardice like a mummy in its sheath. He thought he could not move. When the hawser went aloft, he watched for some one to come and help him. That, with rescue at hand, no one would come to save the captain was the incredible fact that finally reached his brain. Then he fumbled his lashings loose, and crept up the ratlines.

He pushed weakly at an obstacle of pendant feet at the mast. Some one on the crosstrees pulled up Della's stiffened legs and lashed them by the bent knees to the Jacob's ladder.

Swanson crouched miserably on the little platform beside Della. His first impulse always when he suffered was to cry, "Pity me!" He reached out toward Della. Her hands were rigid. He touched her face. Her lips mumbled. "As good as dead," he muttered.

Then Swanson laid hold of a sailor. "My hands are frozen."

"Hell! I'm froze all over."

"I want you boys to lower me to the buoy, when it comes."

"What about me? Can't you feel the spar's goin'? There ain't no cap'n now. It's every man fer himself."

Each moment the men expected the spar to go. Swanson covered the orifice of the platform with his body till he could get his legs down. The second mate and one of the sailors went ahead. They swayed, clutched, descended, like bruised spiders clinging to the broken filaments of a web.

FOR the third time that night the breeches buoy was swiftly hauled ashore. Again two men were the rescued.

"Who's the cap'n of that vessel?"

"I am."

"Why didn't you send the woman ashore?" The keeper peered into the captain's face, trying to make him out.

Swanson started weakly. He drew his arm before his face. This man, this stern inquisitor, was Captain Ropes. Swanson muttered unintelligible sounds. . . .

Two sailors, the Portuguese, and George Renton, still remained on the wreck with the woman. Benton was an old seaman who had sailed before the mast all his life. He had led a mutiny on a whaler and been lashed into submission with the cutlass. He had "sassed" his officers and knifed his mates, spent

weeks at a time in irons and days at "work-up jobs." He was hard and cool and he feared no man. He knew the laws of the sea better than most. And he did not want to drown.

THE Portuguese was starting below when Benton pulled him back. He shrieked at him. "I want you to see that she's dead." He kicked the prone body of the woman with his boot. He lifted and let fall the stiffened arm. Then he motioned the Portuguese to go. The instant the man's head disappeared, Benton swiftly cut the woman's lashings.

Before the men could dispose themselves in the waiting buoy, a dark object swept past them into the sea.

Hands moved in a frenzy of activity. The endless line ran through its block. The buoy emerged from the gloom, floundering in the white foam of the surf. "Now boys, git that buoy an' git that woman out just as quick as you kin."

Waist deep into the surf sprang Dave and Clark. They ran the buoy out to shore. A sailor stepped from it quite nimbly. Another man rose, stiff, and halting—

"Where's the woman?"

An interval of silence, during which men were vaguely seen bent over the buoy and feeling in it with their hands. Then a terrible cry arose:

"They haven't brought the woman!"

A savage burst of imprecations rang out from the tolling four at the tackle. The keeper sprang to the side of the sailor, Benton, and facing him squarely, he demanded: "Why didn't you bring that woman?"

"Oh," said Benton. "The woman is dead."

"Be careful now. If you don't know for certain that she's dead, say so. And if you do know, say so."

"Oh, yes. She's stiff as a board. Ben dead for some time."

"I don't like your voice, my man, and we ain't through with you yet." Then wheeling about to the Portuguese: "Is that woman dead?"

"Oh, yes, she's dead."

THE keeper stood gazing through the darkness toward the wreck. What was the truth? Should he have himself hauled out to the wreck in the breeches buoy? Should he return to the station for the surfboat?

A sudden cry broke from the men at the tackle. The sand anchor burst from the ground. Hawser, lines and tackle were torn to pieces in an instant. "The spar's gone!" And the men expressed their feelings. "We have been workin' all night for them — them — string-bean eaters! I thought they was sailors."

"Them ain't string-bean eaters. They're beyond that. They're criminals. Them fellers ought to be put in irons. They'd ought to be put in prison to-morrow."

"Wish I hadn't wore out my mittens haulin' on that tackle. Got to git a new pair o' mittens—fer them!"

"Mittens! I'd 'a' had some skin left on my hands if I'd knowed what we was savin'. They ain't human. I think they was generated from some animal."

All the rescued men who could walk were forced to walk to the station. Swanson alone was put into the cart with the apparatus. "I want to set down and rest."

"No, you can't set down now. You got to keep walkin'."

"How much further? How much further?"

"Lord! Not much I hope, with you a-leasin' on me."

WHEN the men came into the light of the station, the keeper looked at the young captain. He stared in unbelief.

"Otto, Otto," he said. "You wasn't the captain of that vessel, was you?"

"Dave, take a couple of the boys an' git a good sweat on them fellers, an'

fix up that cap'n's hands in ice water. An' you two boys, git yer breakfast, an' take the dogwatch on the beach."

Contrary to custom, the keeper stayed away from the rescued men. He worked silently at the Lyle gun and apparatus, putting them in readiness for another wreck. And he was thinking, thinking.

When the surfmen gathered at the mess table at noon, all the rescued men but Swanson appeared. He remained wrapped in blankets in bed.

The keeper glanced into the mess room, walked through it, and upstairs. His face was gray and haggard. He looked at the bundled figure on the bed, and there was no pity in his eyes. "Otto," he said, "I always said it's in a gale o' wind that you want a man. I don't care if he's before the mast or behind the mast, it's then that you want a man—a real man. Did that vessel go ashore in your watch or the mate's watch?"

"It was my watch, but it wasn't my fault. Mr. Minturn was nurse and he gave me the course—"

"Did you keep it?"

"I—I—the deck load was loosening—"

"Look out now," warned the keeper. "There's lots of holes in the skimmer, but you want to be careful which one you drop through."

NO one had ever before looked at Otto Swanson as the keeper looked at him now. It hurt. "I don't tell lies, Cap'n Ropes!" But he could not meet the keeper's steady gaze of contempt.

"I know you're blaming me about the woman too."

"Ah!" breathed the keeper. He walked across the room, wheeled and faced the man on the bed. And now his brown eyes flashed fire and his crisp hair seemed to crackle with sparks. He might have had a rope's end in his hand and been lashing a cowardly crew to duty in a gale.

"Why did you leave that poor woman on that wreck to perish?"

Swanson was almost crying again at the injustice of the question.

"What could I do? You saw how I was frozen, I had all I could do to help myself."

"Yes, yourself! All you saw from the time that schooner struck that bar was Death before you. And all you thought of was how to git yourself ashore. The first thing you ought to have said, when that breeches buoy came out there the first time, was: 'Here, boys, git this woman in that buoy just as quick as you kin.' But when that buoy came out there, what you did say to yourself was: 'Let me git in that buoy just as quick as I kin.' Didn't you say that?"

THE man's face on the bed went from red to white. "You're not fair!"

But the stinging voice went on: "You are the man who's responsible fer the death of that woman."

"Not only the woman, but every one of them sailors should have come off that vessel before ever you or the mate left it. Instead o' that, the mate was the first, and you was the third—because you couldn't git to the buoy quicker."

"Any cap'n that 'ud play sich a trick as that hadn't ought to be allowed ever to set his foot on the deck of a vessel agin. I wouldn't let him on a scow. He ain't fit to be on God's earth. I don't ever want to fall foul o' you agin. I don't know what to call you. You ain't a sailorman, you ain't no kind of a man, and God forgive me the day I ever helped set you afloat on salt water."

"Seafaring folk is the best, but there's black sheep—" and the old captain grew inaudible with a kind of groan.

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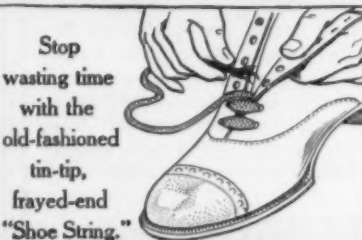
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Robin Hood

(Continued from page 18)

to come back down into the world again, you can. Pictures might get painted, even. Pictures of Maid Marian among the trees and on the mountain tops—

He leaned over the table, and she could see how shining and tender his eyes were behind his spectacles.

"The minister's house is right across the street," said he—

HALF the sky was blue and sunny with spring and early morning. But over the other half a thunderstorm was prowling. It covered the blue peaks toward which Robin Hood and Maid Marian were journeying, striking a black paw here and there, like a playful panther. They looked upward at it, smiling, and did not care, but followed their trail straight into it, speeding on, hand in hand, until the blackness shut down behind them. Among the great trees there was almost midnight blackness, and the slippery trail was netted with snaky roots, under which you could hear the rush of dangerous brooks. A tree solemnly fell across the trail ten feet behind them. Maid Marian looked at Robin Hood with eyes of shining courage and daredevilry.

"The gate is shut behind us," she shouted with a childish thrill in her voice, as she pointed to the fallen tree.

"Let the portcullis fall," he answered with a grin, but he took her little carrying basket upon his own shoulders, and they ran for it.

Just as the rain broke they reached a deserted camp where a roof of boughs still clung to forked uprights, and the ashes of old fires made a cleared space.

"May as well be out of the way of the portcullises," he said comfortably.

Between thunderclaps the black rain roared upon the tiny roof, bored gullies through it, and zigzagged down the bark. The lightning thickened so rapidly that there was no moment when the point of its crooked sword was not quivering in the earth. Its uneasy glare was as constant as the quiet, early sunrise had been.

Seated upon a great log, where hunters were wont to swap cheerful lies while their supper sizzled, Emmeline and Updyke looked out upon the tumultuous wall of storm now shutting them off from a world whose dust they had shaken from their feet.

"It can't get us now," was the way she put it, her lips close to his ear to be heard above the noise of the forest. He looked down at her with an answering delight sparkling behind his spectacles. They were sharing a joke at the expense of that scheme of things which had tried to get the better of them and had failed.

"Well, by George!" Updyke roused from their quiet center of content into sudden primitive energy. "We don't want to begin by forgetting the first law of the wilderness."

He plunged forth into the solid rain, and with his big, new hunting knife assassinated and flayed a young white birch, thus committing their first transgression against the laws of the State. When, with this square of bark, he had erected a tiny tent over the ashes of the old fires, and under it collected spruce boughs, as dry as ducks' backs in spite of the weather, he contrived a sheltering fire.

As it leaped up and rejoiced, he stood by, laughing back at his wife, while its light, reflected in his glasses, made him a fabulous monster with eyes shooting flame, the rain meanwhile pouring from his glittering head and shoulders till he was like a thing risen from the sea. Her answering smile out of the rough bark was that of a happy dryad, wild, mischievous, predatory.

WINDS, rain, and fire had swept away their old lives and those of their forbears until they were but a cave man and his woman in a world not yet gone stale and old.

Updyke struck his fist into his open palm and shouted above the tempest:

"By God! We're going to live!" said he.

The Cub Reporter

(Continued from page 17)

going to start beefing already, you'd better go back now."

"I had a right to shoot him; I had to do something. But I wasn't thinking about killing him. I wish I hadn't killed him."

Davie quieted the man down as much as he could, and after many promises to return as soon as he possibly could, left him and started toward Hegewisch. Reaching the business part of the little cosmopolitan village, he began making inquiries about Bat Nelson and his injuries.

"Bat Nelson shot by a Dago!" ejected one loyal admirer and compatriot of the pug. "Say, boy, if any Dago that ever lived in these parts would shoot Bat and he'd find it out, it would make him so damned sore that he'd simply plaster Italy all over the map."

"Where could I find Bat?" anxiously asked the reporter.

"He was sitting out in front of his old man's boarding house about fifteen minutes ago," answered the native. "It's that big frame on the corner up there two blocks."

DAVIE hurried to the house, as directed, and found the champion lolling back in a chair with his feet cocked up on the porch railing.

"My name is Hart and I'm from the City Press Association, Mr. Nelson," the reporter said.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Hart; have a chair," said the prize fighter, pulling up a seat alongside of his own.

"There was a report out uptown that you had been shot in a street fight, Mr. Nelson, and the office sent me out to investigate. Guess they had their wires crossed some place."

"They sure must have. Never felt better than I do now. Ain't ever been shot in my life, and it's been more than a year since I have been even half shot. Them reports will get out, though."

"Funny how a thing like that hap-

pens, Mr. Nelson," explained Davie. "Now I suppose this must have been Packey McFarland or some other fighter. It beats me out of a good story, but just the same I'm mighty glad it wasn't you, Mr. Nelson."

"Same here, pard. Shall we walk uptown?" suggested the champion.

The reporter assenting, they sauntered on down the street and into a thirst dispenser. The fighter called for lemon seltzer, but insisted that his guest should take something of a little more substantial nature.

ON about the second repeat Davie excused himself, and, stepping to the telephone on the cigar case, put in a call for the City Press office. In a minute he had the office on the wire.

"Hello—City Press?"

"Yah."

"This Mr. Brown?"

"Yah?"

"This is Hart. Say, there—"

"Well, by Gad!" ejected the caustic city editor, "if we haven't found Charley Ross. Say, what do you think you're doing—traveling for your health or playing hide-and-go-seek?"

"Why, I came right—"

"We've been looking for you for a week. You've been scooped on the only decent story that's blown up in your territory for a month. If Burns, down at the Central Police, hadn't stumbled on it on the general police report the whole office would have been trimmed to a queen's taste."

"Say, I can step some long, but I can't be in South Chicago and this village at the same time."

"Well, where in Hades are you?"

"Why, in Hegewisch, of course."

"Hegewisch?"

"Sure! You sent me out here on that Nelson story. There ain't nothing to—"

"Well, holy smoke-eye! What you talking about?"

"That Nelson story—about Bat Nel-



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Look for Name in Strap

The Tourist

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We have a warehouse full of band instruments taken in exchange for our Lyon & Healy American Professional and Own Make Band Instruments. We are disposing of them at a grand clearing sale. Cornets \$3.00 and upward. Trombones \$6.00 and upward. Write for our big list if you can use a good instrument in perfect order at a nominal price. We will also send you (free) a copy of our Band Herald.

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World's Largest Music House (187)

son being shot by a Dago. Nothing to it. He's right as a fiddle. Must 'a' been—"

From over the wire came what is known as a horse laugh. The desk man spared neither the mouthpiece nor the receiver.

"Of all the unmitigated, pea-green boobs at large you certainly get the caramel. So you fell for that gang of farmers out at South Chicago, did you? Been chasing wild geese for them, eh?"

"Guess I'm it," Davie faintly answered, as he realized what had been stuck on him.

"IT! Ugh, I'll bet you'd try to stop a buzz saw, or even put the end of your little finger in a cigar clipper. Guess you could carry all you know in a baby locket, all right. How'd you happen to ever leave the mines?"

"Say, how could I tell it wasn't the office that called me up. I'm no—"

"Drop it and listen—let this soak in as much as possible: about an hour ago a man named James Bailey shot a fellow named J. R. Hanson. Bailey's made his get-away. He may have been injured in the fight. They can't find any safe motive for the shooting. We want to know why and how. Now you get back to South Chicago and dig out the yarn. If you want a job at sunrise tomorrow you'd better get busy. Does it filter? Then beat it before the cows eat you up for grass."

"That so? I'm a boob, eh? Well, put your ear to this: the fellow that did the shooting is hiding out here in the woods a couple of miles north of town. One of your boob reporters found him and caught the whole story."

"What's that? Come again! Go on!"

"Yes, I thought so. He killed the man because the fellow had been hounding his wife for ten years. She made one little slip before she was married, and the guy who helped her down has been trying to blackmail her ever since. You know what I mean. The poor devil of a husband told him he'd kill him if he ever caught him around the house again."

"Good! Go on!"

"To-night he came home from working late and this guy was there. Then he shot him."

"How'd he get hurt?"

"In the fight he got popped on the hip—the other guy was armed, too. When it was over he jumps on a southbound car and gets off at the Hegewisch crossing. One of your boob reporters was on the same car and gets off with him."

"What's the fellow going to do?"

"Hit the trail, of course."

"That's hot stuff, Hart. It's a peach of a yarn. I'll remember this. Come to the office to-morrow. Good-by." Davie hung up the receiver and walked back to Bat Nelson.

THE conflicting emotions that were fighting each other in his insides made him a little dizzy, but triumph still had the upper hand. To be able to spring an answer like that to a call down like that—well, even when you are more than twenty-three—such turns taste good. Still, what he said to Bat was not exactly triumphant.

"Reporting is a nasty game, but we got to do it," Davie's tone was grim.

"Guess most of 'em are," said the fighter. "Now take boxing: to most people it's a crooked game. But it ain't with me. You don't see me throw any fights. When they come to me with their dirty schemes I tells 'em they got off at the wrong stop; if they wants to stage a

fake fight, I figures that I can clean 'em up on straight going anyway.

"Yes, sir, when they cleans Bat Nelson, you can bet your last they done it square. When I takes the count, take it straight from me, I won't hear 'em pounding off the seconds—I'll be laid away among the daisies."

THE cub silently ordered another round. The champion took a little sip from his seltzer and lemon, and then went on:

"I'm square because I can't figure it out any other way. If I can't whup 'em, then I'll go back to my job in the steel mills. While I'm sittin' in the game I'll play fair."

A light reddish flush spread over the cub reporter's face. He was looking intently at his glass and slowly turning it by its narrow stem on the slippery mahogany.

"It's the crooks and the fourflushers who have put the boxing game on the hummer," the champion was saying. "Double-crossing friends, staging fake bouts, selling out the public, doing a little bit of everything that wasn't on the square. I'm a plain mug, but I'm a-standing straight on both my pegs."

Theoretically this talk might have upheld the cub in his fidelity to his paper and to his own glory. He had had plenty of training in that kind of loyalty, and it is a good kind, and now all his self-interest was at one with it. But do you think that loyalty was the one the prize-fighter's good squareness appealed to? Not a bit of it. You know it was an older kind of good faith that was to the fore now.

IF you don't stand by a helpless man who has trusted you, what kind of a wolf are you? The pangs that tore Davie as he excused himself to return to the telephone turned him yellow-white. He was going to ruin himself at the office, and likely it was too late to save his friend in the woods from his own Judas self.

When he heard the crisp "Hello" he said:

"Say, Mr. Brown, that story I just gave you was a pipe—pure pipe dream. I made up the whole thing. I got sore at the calling that you gave me, and I thought I'd square myself. Don't send it in, Mr. Brown; it's pure bunk."

For several seconds there was no reply over the wire. Then the boy heard: "Hart, you're a damn liar—you're a good old liar."

"Honest, Mr. Brown, it's pure fake. I never saw any man: I just made it up. Don't shove it through. I swear I was lying about it. Fire me if you want to, but don't shove through that lie."

"Say, boy! Listen: that fellow didn't die. Go out and take your shooting friend home; they won't do much to him. You're all right, boy. You're—well, dang me if you ain't raised to fifteen. And say, we'll play off Bailey's story for all it's worth; get him off light. So long."

THE city editor had turned out human as well as shrewd, and Davie had got off with a raise instead of the beating with stripes he felt he deserved.

After all, it is a good thing we don't always get all we deserve, especially when we are young and have yet to learn how we can manage to live with ourselves in a world where right and wrong are wonderfully hashed up together.

A Dishonest Action

A prominent shoe store on Sixth Avenue is guilty of selling shoddy shoes, bearing an imitation Coward label. This theft of my name and fraud on the public will be brought to Court as speedily as the Law can act.

We will defend the good name of COWARD by promptly prosecuting ALL dealers who offer for sale any footwear stamped or labeled with the name "Coward."

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This is only one form of fraud practised by the cut-price and "bargain sale" retailer.

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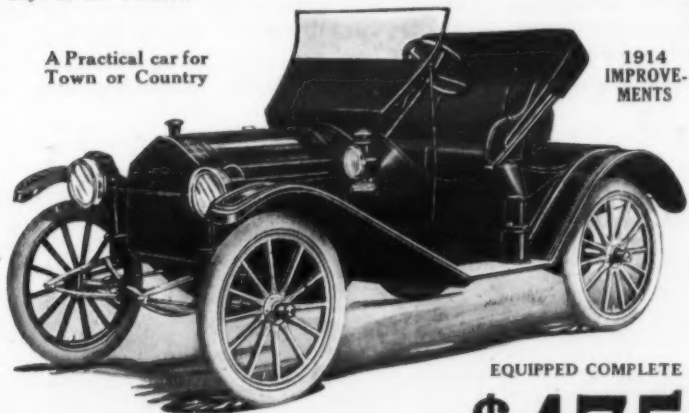
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No. 143

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

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A remarkable example of low price and minimum cost of upkeep combined with the essential features of the up-to-date car—a car that affords luxury without extravagance.

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But though forward-looking merchants like Mr. Hendrix will need no compulsion to drive them into line with the pure-food movement, there are still a good many slower-moving grocers who will take long to see the light unless you—the person who buys their wares—impress upon them the necessity for making sure of the purity of what they sell.

fied food-index compiled by the Board of Health of "the Pure Food Town" enables anyone to *know* which brands are absolutely worthy of his confidence.

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your book, show him that you are willing to back him with your trade if he does his share, and you will find him just as anxious to give you what you ought to have as you are to get it. The grocery trade will line up with the pure-food movement without your help, if you give it time.

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Out of 2,918 lots—the original number in Marlboro—29 are all that are left at these figures. The balance range as high as \$4,000, and if you saw them, you probably could not tell the difference between one and the other, although admittedly the difference is there.

This advertisement is written and published because we engaged the space last summer. I can mentally see the reader shake his head and say—"This is the same old story—next year we will see the same old ad." But you will not. We have never broken our word in this respect nor held two farewell performances. Never again will Marlboro be advertised in Collier's, for the high priced lots are all reserved for local builders. It is a curious thing, but we can only sell our cheapest lots through advertising.

It is your last chance on instalments to get next the first subway to be finished under the \$337,000,000 program on which New York City has embarked. In five years these lots should bring \$3,000 or more each, and at that time you will only have invested on instalments about \$700.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Come to New York at any time within ninety days after date of your purchase; visit our properties with our representative; keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain in our \$10,000,000 holdings; change it for any other lot if you will, or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us if you are not satisfied with any of our lots. A decision, however, is required at the time of the examination of the property, and the offer extends only to those who visit New York within said ninety days. In other words, we do not give options. We do give you ninety days to examine your property and get your money back if you are not satisfied with your purchase and do not find any other property in our holdings that is satisfactory to you.

Now, won't you write today, and let us tell you more of the wonderful story of the profits our customers have made and are making in New York City real estate.

Wood Harmon & Co.

Dept. V3

261 Broadway, New York

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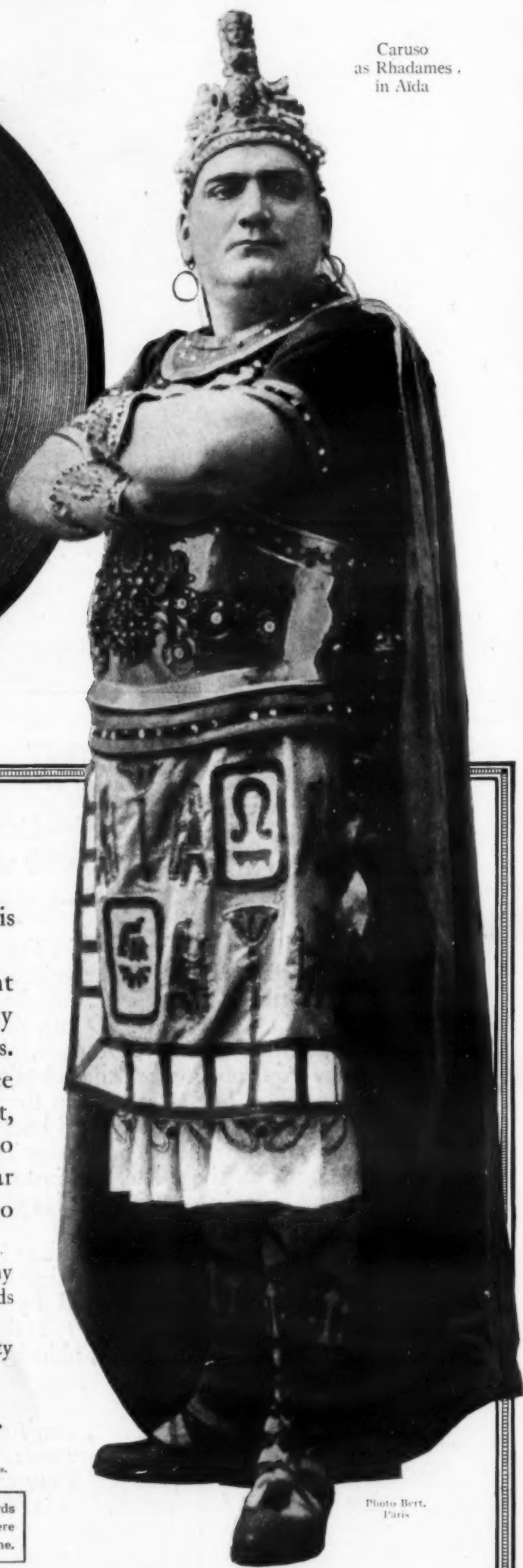


Photo Bert,
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Both are Caruso

The Victor Record of Caruso's voice is just as truly Caruso as Caruso himself.

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The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you Victor Records by Caruso or any other of the world's greatest artists.

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Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100. Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



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